

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

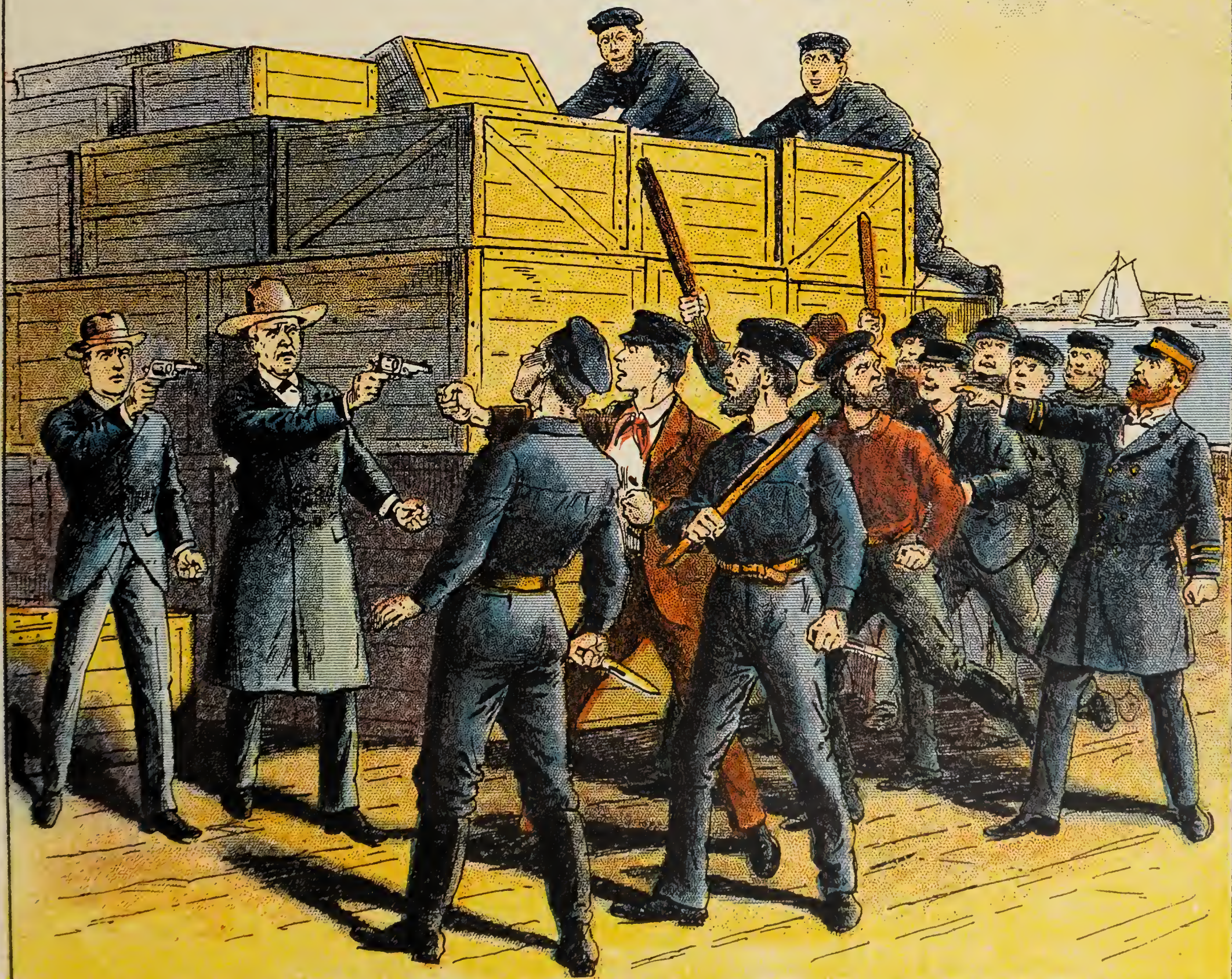
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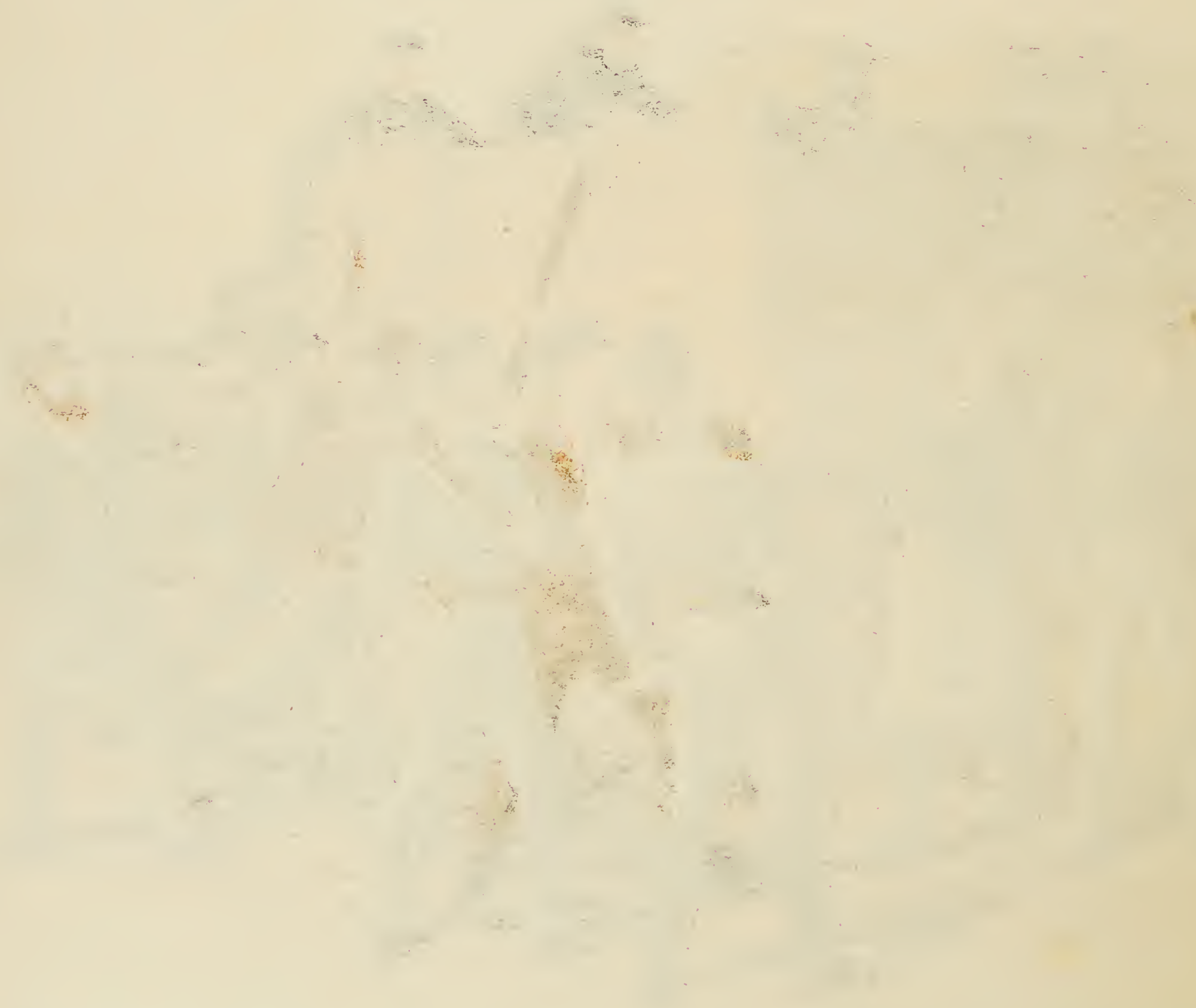
THE BRADYS AT SEA; OR A HOT CHASE OVER THE OCEAN. By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



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GERMANY

The BRADYS at Sea



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CHAPTER I.

TWO MILLIONS IN GOLD.

"Yes, there must be some trouble going on over at that steamship dock, Harry," said Old King Brady, the great Secret Service detective, to his boy partner, and they paused on the corner of Morris and West streets, in the blazing May sun.

"Let us mingle with the crowd of sailors, and find out what it's all about," suggested the youth. "They seem to be greatly excited about something."

The tall, white-haired officer nodded, took a chew of tobacco, pulled the brim of his big white felt hat down over his keen eyes, and started across the street.

When they arrived among the crowd, they heard a man saying to the rest in angry tones: "I tell yer, lads, it's a shame ter make yer work fer twelve dollars a month, when ther other steamship owners is a payin' their crews fifteen. If yer take my advice, yer wont take out ther bloomin' ship. Now's yer chance ter show ther owners yer've got 'em. Ther Red Raven is tabled ter sail fer Liverpool at three o'clock, an' she can't go out if you goes on a strike. What say yer—shall I go an' tell ther owners she can't go unless yer pay is raised?"

"Ay, ay," assented the men on all sides. "Go ahead, Sam Hawley, go ahead."

The Bradys glanced around at the crew, and observed that they were as wicked-looking a lot of ruffians as they had ever seen.

The man called Sam Hawley wore the uniform of the first mate of the Red Raven, and he was a burly rascal, with a red face covered with a scrubby beard of brown.

Beside him stood a tall, thin man, with a gray mustache, who wore a captain's uniform; he smiled at the men's reply, and said to Hawley:

"That's right, Sam. Stick up for your rights. I know if I were running sail on the White Lady, I wouldn't expect my men to sign articles for less than fifteen a month."

"I'll go an' lay down ther law to 'em, Captain Briggs," asserted the mate.

And so saying, he hastened away toward the office in Bowling Green.

The men then scattered, and waited for their delegate to return.

"Shall we wait to learn the result of his call on the steamship owners?" asked the young detective of his partner, when the mate was gone.

"By all means," replied the old detective, as he buttoned up his old blue frock coat to the standing collar and stock encircling his throat. "I'm curious about the end of it."

"Well, we haven't got anything else to do," said Harry Brady, and they seated themselves upon some boxes of merchandise lying on the dock, and glanced at the army of stevedores who were loading the ship with cotton bales.

These detectives were a remarkable pair, who were well known, and greatly feared, by the crooks of New York, for they were the greatest detectives on the force.

Young King Brady was a handsome fellow of about

twenty, clad more fashionably than his tutor. He was just as brave, skillful, and daring as his partner, too.

But he was no relative of Old King Brady—merely his pupil and partner.

This state of affairs existed from the time they first became acquainted.

While they were waiting, Sam Hawley had gone to the steamship office, and asked to see Mr. Gray, the president of the steamship company.

"He's back in his private office, Mr. Hawley," said a clerk, "and as you must be in a hurry, go right in. He's engaged talking with a gentleman. But I wouldn't let that hold me back, if I were you."

The scowling mate nodded, walked back, opened a door, and glided quietly into a small ante room which opened into the private office by an open door.

Hearing Mr. Gray talking caused Sam Hawley to pause and listen.

"Mr. Drew," he heard the president say, "it's a matter of two million dollars in gold?"

"Yes, sir," replied the banker, who was talking to him, "and it's going on the Red Raven, too." With a startled look, Sam Hawley made no attempt to go any further.

Mr. Gray laughed and exclaimed:

"That money can't be shipped on the Red Raven to-day. She sails in an hour."

"But, my dear sir, it is already shipped aboard of her," replied the banker.

"Impossible. I would have known of it."

"Nobody knows of it except our firm and your partner."

"But how in the world did you do it?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Gray. It's an open secret that the Bank of England wanted this American gold. They ordered it through my house. We feared to openly ship such a large amount, as it might get stolen in transit. So we ordered it from the Treasury. Your partner, Mr. Fields, was let into our secret. Under his supervision the gold was packed inside of two hundred bales of cotton. We then shipped it as merely baled cotton, aboard the Red Raven. See—here's Mr. Fields' receipt for it. He's home, sick to-day, but he saw the bales put aboard yesterday, and told me to inform you."

"You surprise me. But it's all right. A clever plan, Mr. Drew. Nobody aboard will know. The money will therefore reach the other side safely. Of course we are now responsible for it. But our responsibility ends the moment we land the bales."

"Certainly," replied the banker. "We only want you to be responsible for the money while it's in transit. Of course we except any accidents arising from storms, jettison or other contingency. But we do hold you responsible for any thefts."

"I'm satisfied with that. It's impossible for anyone to know it's aboard. And even if it became known, no one could open the bales to steal it on the sea. Your method of concealing it was excellent—couldn't be beaten. Queer Fields didn't tell me."

"We enjoined him not to till sailing day."

"I see. Well it's all right. Got your bill of lading signed?"

"Oh, yes;" replied Mr. Dean.

They began to speak of other matters, and Sam Hawley hastily glided out.

No one paid any attention to him as he left the office. But there was an evil gleam in his eyes, and as he rushed down the street, he muttered:

"Two million dollars in gold! Thought they wuz werry sly, didn't they? To the deuce with a raise in our pay. When I tells ther crew, they wont want no raise. Them lads 'll help me ter git that money, if we has ter seize ther ship ter do it."

When he regained his companions they eagerly gathered round him, and asked what the result of his call on the ship owners had been.

They did not see the detectives, for the Bradys were quietly sitting behind a pile of boxes close to which the crew were gathered and heard all they said.

"Yer wont need no raise in yer pay, my lads," the mate replied. "There's two million dollars in gold hidden aboard o' that craft, an' it's ours fer ther takin' when ther proper time comes. Are yer with me in ther deal?"

There was not a dissenting voice when they answered him.

One of the men then asked:

"But how do you know the gold is aboard the Red Raven?"

Hawley detailed how he learned the secret.

The listening detectives were startled by his story.

A serious expression swept over Old King Brady's clean shaven face, and bending close to Harry, he said in a guarded whisper:

"By thunder, we've stumbled upon a huge conspiracy. They mean to steal the ship when she puts out to sea and rob the owners of all that money."

"That's what they intend," the boy replied with a smile, "but I don't believe they can carry out the gigantic plot, for we can stop them as there is yet time."

"Very true," Old King Brady muttered, "and the quicker we put the owners on their guard the better our chances will be to baffle them."

"Come on and get out of here."

They arose to move around the heap of freight, but just then Hawley caught view of the pair. Ripping out an oath he pointed at the detectives and roared:

"Strangers! They've been a-hidin' behind them boxes, an' heard all we ses. They'll give us away if they escapes, lads, an' we'll lose that money as sure as guns."

His words made the gang frantic with alarm.

They glared at the Bradys furiously and one of them said:

"We can prevent 'em from interferin', Sam!"

"Then go fer 'em!" yelled the mate.

As the huge crowd made a rush for them the detectives saw that they could not get off the dock without fighting their way through the gang.

Drawing their revolvers they backed up against the boxes, levelled their weapons at the crew and Old King Brady cried:

"Halt, or we'll fire at you!"

"Don't mind 'em, lads, don't mind 'em!" shouted Hawley excitedly.

"You'd better," answered the old detective coolly, as they paused. "We are officers and we've found out your scheme. We intend to foil it, if we die doing so!"

"Are yer goin' ter lose all that gold, lads?"

"No! No! No!" came the angry cry on all sides.

"Don't be rash," advised the veteran officer quietly. "We want you to get out of the way and let us pass. If you don't, we'll walk over your dead bodies!"

His words impressed them.

They were weakening fast when the situation turned in their favor.

Several of the men had sneaked behind the freight, got on top of the pile behind the detectives, and dropped several of the boxes down upon their heads.

Hit by the heavy weights, the gallant pair were stunned and knocked down.

Uttering a smothered yell of exultation, the crew closed in on the Bradys, and in a few moments had them bound and gagged.

One of the gang kept a lookout from the top of the freight, and seeing no one paying any particular attention to them, he exclaimed:

"Better put 'em out of sight before a cop comes along."

"Hide 'em under the dock!" exclaimed Hawley quickly.

One of the men got down in a boat.

The detectives were passed down to him.

He then found an opening in the pier and rowed through.

It was very dark there, but the Bradys saw dimly that there was a pile of damp rocks rising above the water beneath the dock.

The boatman lifted them upon the rocks, left them lying there and rowed away.

Unable to move or utter a word, the Bradys had to lie there in the gloom and see the steamer depart with its villainous crew who now had every chance to carry out their desperate plot.

"We are foiled for the present," Old King Brady thought bitterly, "but we'll beat them yet, if we have to chase them over the ocean to do it!"

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING THE CHASE.

"Harry, we are doomed!"

"What do you mean, Old King Brady?"

"Don't you see the tide is rising and will soon cover us?"

"Can't see anything in the confounded gloom under this dock. But I can feel the rising water lapping against my legs, which are lower down the rocks than my body is. And that's a signal of danger, sure enough."

"How did you get rid of your gag?"

"I've been chewing the bandana they tied around my mouth ever since they put me here," replied Young King Brady, "and I've succeeded at last in gnawing it in two."

"Just exactly what I did. I wonder if anybody would hear our voices if we yelled?"

"Doubtful. Might try it, though. I've got another plan to get free, though."

"Name it!" eagerly said the old detective.

"To roll over to you and open the knots of your bonds with my teeth."

"Can't be done."

"Why?"

"Because the rocks are very slippery, jagged, and uneven. If you attempted to do as you say you might plunge down in the water and get drowned."

"That's a fact. Yell, then."

"Help! Help! Help!"

They shouted at the top of their voices.

It was then nearly midnight, and the gloom under the dock was appalling.

After awhile they heard the watchman on the pier above them answer:

"Hullo! Who's that?"

"Come down here—under the dock—quick, or we'll get drowned!" roared the old detective, encouraged by hearing the man.

"Well, I'll be blowed! I've got to get a boat to reach you," they heard the man growl. "How the deuce did you get there anyway?"

"I'll tell you after you get us out. We are tied hand and foot so we can't help ourselves," cried the old detective. "You'd better hurry up!"

"All right; I'll reach you in a few minutes."

Within five minutes the detectives heard the watchman coming through the opening under the pier, and the lantern he carried showed him the officers.

By this time their bodies were only a few inches above the rising tide.

"By jingo!" he exclaimed. "It's mighty lucky I heard you. In half an hour more the tide would have risen above your heads and drowned you."

"Cut these bonds," said Harry, as he reached them.

"Who did this?" demanded the watchman, as he set them free.

"Some of the crew of the Red Raven."

"They're a mighty bad lot," said the old fellow, shaking his head.

"We had a fight with them, and this is the way they avenged themselves on us."

"I see. Get aboard now. Step in the middle and don't rock the boat or you'll spill us out."

When the detectives had embarked he rowed them into the slip.

Here they rewarded him with a banknote and got upon the dock.

The fine big passenger steamer White Lady laid up at the other side of the pier.

"We can't do much to-night, Old King Brady."

"Let us get back to Secret Service headquarters then, Harry. Our chief may have some work cut out for us to do and we can incidentally tell him of this affair."

They hastened away.

Reaching the central office, they were fortunate enough to

find the chief in, and he greeted them with a look of annoyance, and said:

"Why didn't you report to me earlier, gentlemen? I've been anxiously hunting for you all the afternoon, as I had some very important work cut out for you to do. But it's too late now."

"Sorry we were detained, chief," replied the old detective shrugging his shoulders, "but it was certainly no fault of our own."

"Well, by your absence you've let a good case slip by and given the criminal a chance to get out of the country. I'm very much put out about it."

"What sort of a case was it?"

"Murder."

"That's serious."

"Yes, indeed."

"Give us the facts."

"At two o'clock this afternoon two sailors were gambling in the rear of a barroom on West street called 'The Sailor's Rest.' One named Bill Grubbs won all the money. The other, whose name we don't yet know, stabbed Grubbs in the breast, grabbed the money and ran out. The dying sailor had a tin-type picture of the man who stabbed him. They had been chums. An ambulance from the Chambers Street Hospital was summoned. As the young surgeon bent over the injured man, Grubbs told his name, drew the picture from his pocket, pointed at the portrait of the man who was photographed with him, and said: 'This is the man who stabbed me!' The next moment he fell back, dead."

"And you wanted us to capture the murderer?" asked Harry.

"Exactly. But you can't do it now, for one of the spectators told the surgeon that the murderer's ship sailed at three o'clock and he must have left the country on her."

"Indeed. What ship was it?"

"The steamer Red Raven."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Old King Brady in astonishment.

The detectives glanced meaningfully at each other for a moment.

Finally Harry asked his superior:

"Have you got that tin-type?"

"Yes, and here it is," said the chief, taking it from a drawer of his desk.

The moment Old King Brady glanced at the picture of the two sailors he exclaimed:

"I know the murderer."

"You do?" exclaimed the chief, looking surprised.

"We saw him to-day."

"And his name?"

"Is Sam Hawley. He's the first mate of the Red Raven."

"How do you happen to be acquainted with him?"

"We had a fight with him and his crew to-day and it was owing to that fact that we arrived here so late to-night."

And Old King Brady told of their rough experience.

The story amazed the chief, and he said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to capture that villain and make him pay for his crimes."

"To do so we will have to go to sea."

"Go by all means. To-morrow we will cable to Liverpool to have Hawley arrested the moment the Red Raven makes port. You can go over with requisition papers, as his crime is extraditable, and bring him back."

"Provided he and his gang don't succeed in stealing the ship in order to gain possession of the two million dollars in gold stowed in the cargo, hidden within the cotton bales," said Old King Brady dryly.

"Do you believe he will attempt it?"

"Certainly I do. He has got more than half the crew with him in the desperate game. The enormous amount of the treasure has aroused such individuals' cupidity. It has rendered them ferocious with avarice."

A serious expression settled upon the chief's face.

He did not fancy this aspect of the case and said:

"Then they won't go to Liverpool, if they steal the ship."

"Of course not. They would be foolish to do so."

"How in the world could you find them then?"

"Only by chasing the Red Raven."

"I don't see what you'll chase her in?"

"Another steamship, of course."

"Where is it to come from?"

"Messrs. Gray, Fields & Co., the ship owners."

"Do you think they'd give you a ship?"

"As they are responsible for the safe transportation of that gold across the ocean, they would do anything to aid us to save it when we tell them what peril it is in," said Old King Brady.

"Well, you'd better see them, the first thing in the morning."

"Very good."

The detectives discussed all the details of their plans with the chief and finally went home and turned in for the night.

On the following day they proceeded to the steamship office.

Having been ushered into the private office, they found not only the ship owners, but Mr. Dean, the Wall street banker, as well.

As briefly as possible, they explained what brought them there.

The surprise and horror of the banker and ship owners may be imagined.

Greatly agitated, Mr. Gray gasped:

"How are we to prevent those villains from robbing us?"

"Only by having us follow and arrest them," quickly replied Old King Brady.

"And will you do so if we put the White Lady at your disposal?"

"Most assuredly. They wouldn't take the steamer to any well-known port, as they would fear arrest, if they carry out their plot, so it won't do you any good to try to intercept them by cabling."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Gray feverishly, "the White Lady has been coaled, her machinery has been overhauled, and she has half of her cargo aboard. She is a faster craft than the Red Raven and can overhaul the other. We are responsible for the safe delivery of that gold in Europe. You can sail on our ship at once if you will, and the crew from the cap-

tain down will be at your disposal. In fact, to see that every effort on our part is made properly, I shall go with you myself and lay in a supply of arms and ammunition."

"Very good!" assented the old detective. "We shall be aboard by three o'clock this afternoon, ready to chase the Red Raven over the ocean and rescue that gold from the hands of the villains who design to steal it."

And so saying they departed.

While they were making their preparations for the voyage, both their chief and the steamship company kept the cable wires hot with messages to various foreign ports, notifying the authorities to keep a watch for the Red Raven and arrest Hawley and the crew the moment they appeared.

When the detectives boarded the handsome big steamer she had steam up, and Mr. Gray was anxiously awaiting them.

At precisely three o'clock, the steamer swung out into the river and started away at a rapid pace on a long and dangerous voyage.

CHAPTER III.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW TO THE CAPTAIN.

"Do you feel sea-sick, Mr. Brady?" asked the ship owner, on the following morning, as the detectives came up on deck from breakfast.

"Not a bit," cheerfully replied the old detective, "and there's quite a heavy swell on the sea, too, Mr. Gray. We are both good sailors."

"We are lucky to have such good weather."

"The ship seems to be making very fast time."

"I ordered the captain to keep her under a full head of steam, as we were in a very great hurry to cross the ocean. We are following the southern course, which all the ships of our line take in going eastward. We therefore must be in the wake of the Red Raven and fast overhauling her."

"Is this a much faster ship than the other?"

"Yes. Our engineer reports a speed of eighteen knots an hour. The Red Raven, at her best, can't make over fourteen."

"We are four knots an hour faster than her?"

"That means a gain of ninety-six knots a day. She has a lead of twenty-four hours on us. By to-morrow night we should meet her."

Old King Brady looked pleased.

He glanced over the broad expanse of water.

Not another craft was in sight, and he said to Mr. Gray:

"Do the captain and crew of the White Lady know why we left port in such a tremendous hurry so far ahead of the scheduled day of sailing?"

"No. I have not told them yet."

"That's right. It's well to be cautious, Mr. Gray."

"Have you met the captain yet?"

"No. I don't even know his name."

"Well, here he comes now. I'll introduce you."

Just then a gruff voice behind them cried:

"Good morning, Mr. Gray. Glad to see you on deck."

"Captain Briggs, let me make you acquainted with my friends, the Bradys."

Hearing this name caused the two detectives to suddenly wheel around and confront the man.

He was the same tall, thin, gray-mustached man in uniform whom the Bradys had heard on the dock urging Hawley to get the crew of the Red Raven to strike.

The moment their glances met, the captain turned pale, paused with an expression of astonishment upon his face, and gasped:

"You—here?"

That told the detectives the whole story.

They realized at once that he knew how the crew of the Red Raven had attacked them and left them to perish under the steamship dock.

"He's in league with the villains," flashed across Old King Brady's mind, "and he is astonished to see us here."

With great diplomacy, though, he acted as if he had never met the captain before, gave Harry a nudge, and bowing and smiling, he extended his hand.

"Pleased to know you, sir," he exclaimed cheerfully.

The captain's hand was cold and clammy, but the way the old officer spoke made him think the detective did not recognize him.

It relieved him immensely.

Harry took his cue from Old King Brady and bowed politely.

A puzzled look crossed Mr. Gray's face and he said to Briggs:

"You just spoke as if you knew these gentlemen, captain."

By this time Briggs had recovered his composure.

The ship owner's words embarrassed him for a moment. But he assumed a careless air, and said with a ghastly smile:

"Did I? Well, I don't know them. Perhaps I imagined I did."

"I see. You will find they are men to be feared."

"Feared?" echoed the captain uneasily.

"Yes," laughed the ship owner. "They are detectives."

"Oh, I see. Going over on official business, gentlemen?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Harry. "Our work has already begun."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well, it's a simple enough matter."

"Kindly explain yourself."

"We may as well tell him now," said Mr. Gray to the detectives.

"Very well," replied Young King Brady. "If he understands the situation there can be no excuse for not carrying out the plan we have agreed upon."

"Right you are," said the captain, with a perplexed look.

"Well," said Harry, "two millions dollars in gold were shipped for Liverpool aboard the Red Raven by a banker. Mr. Gray's firm became responsible for the safe delivery of the consignment. Sam Hawley, the first mate, learned that the money was aboard and informed the crew. They decided to seize the ship, steal the gold, divide it, and remain abroad."

"How do you know all this?" demanded Captain Briggs.

"We heard them confess it a short time before the steamer sailed."

"Humbug! You've been needlessly alarmed."

"Why have we?"

"Because they were all half drunk and bragging. If they made such an absurd assertion, they'll forget all about it when they sober up."

"We don't believe it."

"You'll find I'm right. I know how sailors are."

"The earnestness of their plan was shown plainly enough when they tried to murder my partner and I at the time they discovered that we had learned their secret, and meant to betray them, to baffle their game."

"Did they do that?"

"Yes, indeed, but—as you see—we escaped them."

"I'm suprised at your story, but can scarcely attach any importance to it."

"Well, the steamship company don't share your views," said Harry pointedly. "In fact, that's why Mr. Gray came aboard and ordered you to put to sea. We are in pursuit of the Red Raven now. If we can overhaul her, we intend to see that that shipment of gold reaches its destination, and we intend, besides, to arrest Hawley and all those concerned in this piratical job—no matter who they are!"

The last of his sentence was strongly emphasized and he fastened such a keen, burning look upon the captain that his guilty conscience received a twinge of fear, and he began to think that the young detective knew all about his connection with the case.

Mastering his alarm by a violent effort, and assuming an air of cool indifference, he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Well, if you are bound to believe in such a ridiculous thing, I can't help it. Of course, if it should be true, I'd willingly aid you all I can."

"My dear sir," interposed Mr. Gray, with dignity, "you recognize my authority here, as an owner of this ship, don't you?"

"Mr. Gray, I recognize no authority on this ship at sea but my own. A captain is the master of his craft under every circumstance——"

"Every legal circumstance, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have cleared in the Custom House for Liverpool, but you have no orders yet from our firm, have you?"

"No."

"Then here are your orders, captain. Read them now."

The captain looked annoyed as he took the big envelope, but he dared not protest, for he saw that the ship owner had him cornered.

He read his orders.

In them he was commanded to take his ship out for Liverpool, but before going to that port, he was ordered to follow and find the Red Raven, and lend all the aid of his ship and crew in capturing the Red Raven and her crew they could give.

The papers stated that the Bradys and Mr. Gray would be the sole passengers, and that all orders pertaining to the

capture of the other steamer and its crew would come from them.

Everything was very explicit, and when Captain Briggs finished reading his instructions he said with a nod to Mr. Gray:

"I shall carry out your orders to the best of my ability, sir, but as neither I nor my men signed articles to do any fighting for you, you can't compel or expect us to do anything like that."

"It is true that we cannot compel you to fight for our interests," replied Mr. Gray quietly, "but if you are a dutiful employee of ours, and are looking out for our interests, we certainly shall expect pretty substantial aid from you and your men when we meet the Red Raven. If we don't get it, you can depend that another captain will command this ship when she again leaves New York."

There was no mistaking his meaning.

It was a pretty broad threat, and it made Briggs wince and say hastily:

"Oh, we will do everything for you that lies in our power, of course, Mr. Gray. We are faithful employees. When I tell my crew, I feel quite certain that they will all volunteer to use firearms, if necessary, to wrest that money from the hands of those rascals, if they really have had the audacity to try to steal it. But I still stick to my belief that you are needlessly alarmed."

And so saying, he turned on his heel and went aft.

Mr. Gray watched him curiously a few moments, then muttered:

"How queer he acted."

"No wonder!" laughed Harry.

"Why was it?"

"Because he is in league with Hawley."

"What!" gasped the startled man.

"Listen and I'll tell you why we believe so."

And the boy explained Briggs' share in the affair on the dock.

Mr. Gray listened with breathless interest, and said when the boy finished:

"By Jove, we are going to have trouble with that man."

"Instead of helping us, he is more likely to aid Hawley to get away with that gold," said Harry. "And I wouldn't be surprised if he began to do everything he could to prevent us from catching up with that ship."

"Should he do so I'll have the crew put him in irons and stow him below!" passionately declared Mr. Gray with a dark frown. "This is a desperate case, and by heavens, I'll brook no trifling with my plans from a man like Captain Jim Briggs!"

"Don't let him know we are aware of his guilt," said Harry, and Mr. Gray said he would not.

CHAPTER IV.

PICKED UP IN OPEN BOATS.

"Paddy O'Brien, how would you like to earn a thousand dollars?"

"Bedad, I'd chait me own brother ter earn that much money, captain."

"Take another drink of that whiskey."

"Thanks. Sure an' it's prime shuff, so it is."

And the engineer of the White Lady filled his glass from the bottle standing on the table in Captain Briggs' cabin. He raised the glass up to the cabin light, peered through the amber fluid critically, and gulped it down.

The liquor made his red nose glow and brought a gleam to his watery blue eyes.

He wiped off his stubby red mustache on his hand and asked:

"How ther divil am I ter make so much money, anny way?"

"By running this craft as I tell you."

"Sure, an' that's aisy."

"But no one must know it."

"Who's a-goin' ter tell?"

"I'll explain my meaning," said the captain. "I want everybody aboard of this craft to imagine this ship is making top speed. In reality she must be only kept going at half her usual speed."

"Faith, that's moighty quare——"

"Never mind the aspect of the case; will you do it?"

"Yis."

"So no one will know it?"

"I can."

"And keep mum?"

"A coorse."

"Take another drink."

The engineer complied readily enough, for liquor was his failing and the wily captain knew it. He smacked his lips, set down the glass and asked:

"Is that all?"

"By no means, Paddy."

"Well, what else do yer be wantin'?"

"It may be discovered that we are going under half pressure."

"An' sposen it is."

"Some part of the machinery must be made to break down."

"Arrah, but it's dangerous ter monkey wid ther machinery."

"I know it. Nevertheless it must be done."

"Yer bound ter delay ther ship?"

"I am under every circumstance. It's a case of life or death."

"Wow! As bad as that, is it?"

"Yes. If the second plan fails, more desperate measures must be taken."

"What d'yer mane?" demanded the engineer in startled tones.

The captain glanced warily around the gloomy cabin, bent nearer to his accomplice and whispered hoarsely:

"Scuttle ship, if necessary."

O'Brien vented a long-drawn whistle, expressive of his astonishment.

Glancing fixedly at Briggs a moment, he finally said:

"Be heavens; it must, indade, be a desperate case."

"You may learn more about my object later on. Take another drink."

When the engineer had imbibed, he asked:

"Whin d'yer want me ter begin?"

"To-night, after all hands have turned in, so no one will notice the difference in the speed the ship is making."

"Ay, sor, it shall be done. An' me poy?"

"You'll get it at the end of the voyage," artfully replied the captain, giving him a knowing wink. "I ain't going to pay you until I see that you've earned the money, am I?"

"I s'pose not," replied O'Brien, "but as the loikes av an earnest av yer intintions, sure it's somethin' ye should toss up ter clinch ther bargain bechune-us, captain."

"Oh, I'm satisfied to do that. Here are one hundred dollars. Is that satisfactory?"

And he took a bill from his pocketbook, and handed it over.

A broad grin overspread the engineer's face as he took it and he said:

"Yis. I'm satisfied. Sure an' it's loike foindin' money, so it is."

"Now remember—secrecy!"

"Depind on me, sor."

And the engineer filled his glass again and filled the captain's as well.

They both raised their glasses, nodded to each other, smiled blankly and Briggs said:

"Here's to the success of my plans."

Just as they were about to drink to the toast, there came a yell from the lookout in the bow of the steamer, of:

"Light ahead off the starboard quarter!"

"Light on starboard quarter!" repeated the quartermaster, in the wheel house.

An interval of silence ensued, then the lookout cried again:

"It's bearing down on us."

"Can you make out what's carrying it?"

"Not yet, sir."

Ting-aling-aling! went a signal bell in Briggs' room.

His cabin was just abaft the pilot house, and the quartermaster rang the bell to summon him to the bridge.

Briggs had heard all that passed.

Hastily gulping down his liquor he cried to his companion:

"Better go to your quarters; there may be danger."

Then he rushed out on deck.

Ding! went the engineer's bell just then and Paddy O'Brien, with his mind rather hazy from the liquor he had drunk, hurried to the engine room and yelled down the circular iron staircase to his assistants.

Heavy clouds were scudding across the sky hiding the face of the moon at intervals as Briggs ran up on the bridge.

In the distance he saw two small, twinkling lights bobbing up and down so close to the water that they looked as if they were floating on top of the waves.

"Ahoy, there, in the bow!" he shouted gruffly.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the lookout, peering ahead.

"Can you make out what it is yet?"

"Looks like a couple of life boats, sir."

"Anyone in them?"

"Both crowded with men, sir."

"Ah—yes. Now I can see them."

Just then a distant hail came floating over the sea of:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" echoed the captain.

"Heave to and pick us up."

"Stand by to catch a hawser."

The captain pulled the engineer's signal gong to slow up.

He then yelled at some of the watch who came tumbling up a companionway to the upper deck and several grasped coiled ropes and ran to the port side.

The machinery of the *White Lady* throbbed slower, and as her speed began to gradually diminish, she forged up to the two boats.

The Bradys came out of the social hall.

Seeing at a glance what was transpiring, they ran to the rail.

"Probably castaways from a wreck," commented Old King Brady.

"Must be thirty or forty of them," Harry added.

They were now close to the two big life boats.

Just then the moon burst from behind a bank of clouds, and the officers observed that the two boats were so heavily laden with human beings that they were sunk to the gun-wales.

There was a ship's lantern in each boat, the lights of which had attracted the attention of the *White Lady's* lookout.

When the huge steamer was drifting by them, the sailors yelled:

"Ready for these lines?"

"Ay, ay!" came the reply from the boats.

"Catch them, then!"

And whiz! went the long, sinuous coils through the air, unwinding as they flew, and they fell athwart the two boats.

There were a score of eager hands outstretched to grasp them and in a twinkling they were made fast to the bow painters of the life boats.

"Heave us alongside and drop us a rope-ladder," cried a man in the nearest boat, as they were dragged in toward the steamship's side.

In a few moments they were being towed.

Some of the *White Lady's* crew dropped a ladder over the side.

The ends were held below.

Up swarmed the crews of the two life boats.

The moment the foremost man reached the deck a great shout escaped him, and he turned to his followers and cried excitedly:

"We're aboard the *White Lady*, lads!"

"Hurrah!" yelled the men down in the life boats.

The sailors on deck cheered back, and the first speaker cried:

"As I live, they are the captain and some of the crew of the *Red Raven*!"

The Bradys were astonished.

"What in thunder does this mean, Harry?"

"Looks as though the *Red Raven* had foundered."

Up came the rest of the boats' crews, but the captain was the last, and when he reached the deck, he came face to face with Briggs and cried:

"By Jove, it's Briggs, sure enough."

"Captain Lockwood!" ejaculated Briggs in some surprise.

"That's me, and here's half my crew."

"Where's the *Red Raven*?"

"In the hands of Sam Hawley, my first mate, and the other half of my crew. They've mutinied and seized my ship to-day. We refused to join them, and they turned us adrift in these open boats and left us to perish on the sea."

A look of triumph flashed from Captain Briggs' eyes.

"Sam Hawley has succeeded!" he muttered in tones of delight.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT THE PATENT LOG TOLD.

Captain Jim Briggs was not very glad to have Captain Lockwood aboard the *White Lady*. He feared interference with his plans.

But for diplomatic reasons he assumed a very friendly attitude, and said:

"What possessed Hawley to seize the ship?"

"We haven't the faintest idea," responded Lockwood.

"Did he set you adrift because you would not join in his scheme?"

"Yes. You see, to-day a gang of them took us by surprise with their weapons and made prisoners of all the officers and passengers and such of the crew as had not been in their plot. When we were all secure, Hawley frankly confessed that they had mutinied and seized the ship. He gave us the alternative of either joining his gang, or being cast adrift in the boats."

"And you chose the latter?"

"Yes—as you can see."

"They are a bad lot!"

"Yes; the worst afloat."

"It's lucky you met us."

"We were nearly swamped and had to keep bailing in order to keep afloat."

"Where is the *Red Raven* now?"

"Ahead. But there's no telling where she's bound for."

"She wouldn't go to Liverpool?"

"Decidedly not, as a prison would await them there."

Just then Mr. Gray appeared.

He asked the captain for the details and Lockwood gave them.

When he finished Mr. Gray turned toward Briggs and asked:

"Can't you make these men comfortable here?"

"Most assuredly I can, sir."

"Then do so. They will doubtless cheerfully work their way."

Briggs quickly disposed of the men among his own crew.

Then the ship owner turned to the castaway captain, and said:

"I'd like to see you privately in my stateroom."

"Very well, Mr. Gray."

"Mr. Brady, come along with your partner."

They then proceeded to the owner's room, and when they were gone a cynical smile overspread Captain Briggs' face and he softly muttered:

"Much good it will do them to quiz him. Hawley is getting along famously. He seems to know just how to manage this job properly. And it will be queer if I don't get my share of those millions. He agreed before he sailed that I was to receive a fair proportion of the boodle. I'm glad I'm in this deal; I'll get all that's coming to me and it lies in my power to prevent these dogs from overtaking Sam."

He intently watched the movement of his craft.

The exultant smile on his face deepened, and he muttered:

"O'Brien is carrying out his part of the programme. After slowing up to take the castaways aboard, he has gone on at half speed, and there is not a soul will notice it. That will keep us back, and give Sam a good chance to get his craft away to a place of safety."

He went below to consult with the engineer.

When Captain Lockwood was in Mr. Gray's stateroom with the two detectives, the ship owner asked him:

"How many men has Hawley got?"

"Forty, all told," answered the captain.

"Whom do they include?"

"The assistant engineer, some firemen, the porter, cook, and most of the crew and waiters. The rest are with me."

"Did you find out what they are going to do with the ship?"

"Yes, sir; run her up into the Mediterranean Sea."

"What port are they going to stop at?"

"I don't know."

"That's unfortunate."

"Very. But it was only by accident we learned as much as we know."

"They won't touch at Liverpool, then?"

"By no means."

"Then we need not go there to look for them."

"If you are going to pursue them it would be a waste of time."

"Just my impression."

After some further conversation, they separated.

On the following morning Young King Brady went up on deck.

No one had observed yet that the ship had only been going at half speed all night, and thereby lost a great many miles.

Harry glanced up at the clear blue sky, then out over the rolling sea.

Afar to the south he observed a full-rigged brig heaving up and down on the waves. Nothing else broke the monotony of the vast expanse of dark green water. The boy walked up forward.

"Have you been told to keep a lookout for the steamer

Red Raven?" he asked the solitary lookout who stood in the bow.

"Ay, sir," replied the sailor, nodding his head.

"Have you seen anything of her yet?"

"Not a ship but yonder brig."

The boy walked aft.

A man standing at the taffrail at the stern attracted his attention.

When Harry reached the sailor, he found him hauling in a long, thin line, the end of which was dragging in the water.

After watching him curiously a few moments, the boy asked:

"What's that thing?"

"A patent log, sir."

"For what use?"

"Tells our speed."

"How fast are we going?"

"I'll see in a few minutes."

He kept hauling away till he pulled up the brass cylinder.

A grave look settled upon his face after he had examined it a while, and finally he turned to Young King Brady and said:

"This is queer!"

"What is?"

"Yesterday we averaged eighteen knots."

"Well?"

"Now we are only making nine."

A startled look flashed across the young detective's face.

"Treachery!" he muttered.

"Eh?"

"Oh, nothing."

"I thought you spoke to me."

"How long has she only been making nine knots?"

"All night, sir."

"Is it customary to slow down through the night?"

"No, only when a storm hits us."

"Well, who would take the responsibility of slackening speed?"

"Only the captain, of course."

"I see."

"What could his reason be?"

"You've got me there."

"I must report this to him."

"If you do, don't let on that I know it, for he may have a good reason for doing this, and may not want it generally known."

"Right you are, sir. I'll keep mum."

He hastened away with a troubled look on his face, and Harry stole after him, intent upon finding out what Briggs would say.

"The villain stole a march on us already," thought Harry, "but he forgot to safe-guard himself by ordering that log hauled in. It gave his plan away very nicely."

Briggs was in the smoking room on deck, puffing at a pipe.

When the sailor entered, Young King Brady quietly sta-

tioned himself outside of one of the open windows and listened.

He heard the sailor say:

"Captain, the steamer is only making half speed."

"What!" roared Briggs, in startled tones. "How do you know?"

"It's my duty to 'tend to the patent log, and I've just been examining it."

"Blast it, take that log in! Take it right in, you lunk-head. Stow it away, the confounded thing is out of order. It don't work right. Dón't you dare to heave it overboard again during the voyage. We must get it repaired when we reach port. Did any one see it but you?"

"Not a soul," solemnly declared the man.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am," brazenly lied the sailor.

He knew if he didn't lie Briggs would get in a rage and give him a fearful blowing up, and Harry's warning came into his mind.

The captain believed him.

He looked somewhat relieved.

After a moment's thought, he shook his finger at the sailor and said:

"See here, Bob, I want you to keep still about that log. The owner is on board. If he learns that the ship has only been going at half speed, he will be wild. I must see the engineer. If we've lost time I'll have it corrected. Do you understand, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, sir," meekly answered the sailor.

"Then clear out of here."

The sailor left the room.

Young King Brady dodged him, and went below.

Meeting his partner, he explained what he had discovered, and a plan of action was agreed upon at once.

Mr. Gray and the chief engineer of the Red Raven were summoned, told the story, and they proceeded to the engine room to see that the ship was put under full power again.

Briggs and O'Brien were in the room, and they looked startled when they saw the four men enter that part of the ship, for they scented danger.

CHAPTER VI.

TAMPERING WITH THE COMPASS.

"We've just come in to have a look at the machinery, captain," glibly said Old King Brady, noticing the looks of uneasiness on the faces of Briggs and O'Brien.

"Nothing extraordinary to see here," growled the captain, unamiably.

"It's a mighty fine engine, ain't it, Henry?" asked the old detective, turning to the engineer of the Red Raven. "Seems to be working very smoothly."

"Yah, dot's all righd," assented the German engineer, glancing sharply at the complicated working parts. "But I vas buzzled alretty."

"Why, what puzzles you?" laughed Old King Brady.

"I don't couldt undershtand vhy dot machinery only vas going half shpeed?"

Captain Briggs and his engineer were startled.

They shot a significant glance at each other, and O'Brien's face reddened.

He read in the captain's imploring glance that it was up to him to invent a plausible excuse, as it was evident that their plan was no longer a secret.

But he was equal to the occasion, for he replied promptly:

"Sure, an' I found ther bolts av ther shtame chest over beyant were not properly toightened. Fearin' as ther head av ther cylindher moight blow out, I had ther shpeed reduced till I toightened thim up. I wor jist a-tellin' ther captain about it afore increasin' pressure ag'in."

"Oh, I see," said Henry, nodding approval. "Id vas best ter been safe."

"It is that!" laughed Paddy.

At this point Mr. Gray interposed rather sternly with:

"Captain Briggs, I wish you would have full speed put on at once, as every moment is valuable. You know how anxious I am to overhaul the Red Raven. We'd never do it at this rate. Moreover, I want you to keep a constant watch on the machinery to see that no accident occurs again. I know that I shall keep it under observation in future. We are on a desperate cruise, I've told you, and I cannot too strongly urge upon you the necessity of our capturing the Red Raven before her crew manage to give us the slip."

"Very well, sir," said Briggs, making a motion to O'Brien. The engineer had the ship's speed doubled.

When all hands but the two plotters had gone below to look at the furnaces and boilers, Briggs smothered a furious expletive and muttered:

"Blast them, they've found us out, Paddy!"

"They have that, but begorra I've bluffed thim!" answered the engineer.

"It won't do to attempt the same trick twice."

"Indade it want. They'd dhrop to it in a minute, so they would."

"Can't you cripple the engine?"

"Av coorse I can."

"Then do so as soon as you can."

"Faith, I'll have her helpless afore midnoight!"

When the Bradys returned to the upper deck, Harry was laughing quietly, and as soon as they got by themselves, he said to his partner:

"We've gained our point without the slightest difficulty."

"Moreover," added Old King Brady, as he took a chew of plug tobacco, "they would not dare to attempt the same game again, now that they know we are up to their fancy curves."

"It's evident Briggs has taken on his engineer as an accomplice."

"That's plain enough. There's no telling what they'll attempt to do next to prevent us from overtaking the fugitive ship. I've been thinking that I'll open up on Briggs if he attempts any more such villainy, and let him know that we are aware of his complicity in the game: that will clip his claws, and make him more wary about the way he interferes with us in future."

"I'm going to keep my eye on him all the time now."

"And I'll pay some attention to the engineer," said Old King Brady.

Briggs and the engineer were made to feel very uneasy that day, for no matter where they went about the ship, they met the two quiet detectives. It gave them to understand that they were under suspicion, and were being watched by the Secret Service men.

Yet so nicely did the detectives manage it that they did not give them an opportunity to find any objection.

Briggs felt restless and uneasy.

He began to plan a method of getting the best of the Bradys.

At five bells (half past six o'clock) he was sitting in his chair, pondering over the situation, when his glance happened to fall upon a small horse-shoe magnet hanging upon a nail on the wall, and it suggested a subtle plan to his mind.

"Just the thing!" he muttered triumphantly, as he took it down and carefully examined it. "By Jove, I'll fool them again. This time there won't be any chance to find out what I'm up to. If I can manage to plant this thing in the compass box under the card, it will be hidden from view, and will deflect the needle. That will throw the ship out of her course to such an extent she will fetch up at the Cape of Good Hope!"

He put the magnet in his pocket and left his cabin.

Glancing around, he did not see any one, for Harry had hidden himself the moment he saw Briggs coming out of his room.

Most of the men were at mess below.

"Now's my chance," the captain muttered.

He slipped into the pilot-house.

The man at the wheel was standing with his eyes fixed on the binnacle, but he glanced up inquiringly as Briggs entered.

"Well, Tom, I see you're attending to your duty," said the captain, affably.

"Ay, sir, that I be," replied the man.

"Do the wheel and compass work all right?"

"Fust rate, sir."

"I'd like to test them myself, to make sure of it," said the captain, grasping the spokes. "You see, we've got one of the owners aboard, and he's so very particular I don't want to give him any reason for complaint. He found fault with the way the machinery was handled by Paddy O'Brien, and I don't want to give him a chance to say that the steering gear isn't in good order. That's why I want to test it myself. Then I'll be positive of it. You can go down to mess, and I'll keep the wheel until you return, Tom."

"Werry well, sir. As you likes, sir," replied the sailor, relinquishing his grip on the spokes. "If so be as he's a crank, I don't blame you a bit, I don't."

"I don't like to quarrel with my superiors," said the captain modestly, "and once I am satisfied the ship obeys her helm, why, they can't find any fault with me on this score. Go below, Tom, go below."

"Ay, sir," replied the man, and he quit the wheel-house.

Harry saw him going and observed the captain steering the ship.

There was something so unusual and peculiar about this proceeding that the boy's suspicions were instantly aroused.

He stood outside the door on the side opposite that by which Tom made his exit, and applied his eye to the big brass key-hole.

In this way he gained a good view of the interior of the room.

It was a spacious compartment with a bench at the back covered with a dark-red cushion, broad enough for a man to sleep on.

Over the captain's head was a rack containing numerous pigeon-holes in which some charts and signal-flags were thrust.

Briggs held the big double wheel in his hands.

The moment Tom was gone, Harry saw the captain listen, peer out the window, and then open the glass top of the binnacle.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, withdrew something, and slipping his hand down in the compass-box, seemed to be fumbling there with something for the space of a few moments.

There sounded a rattling click in the box as he let the compass fall, and Briggs saw the compass card swing around.

A grim smile hovered over his face as he closed the lid, and the young detective heard him mutter in satisfied tones:

"There, that will do the business!"

He paid very little attention to the compass after that, but the steamer began to slowly and almost imperceptibly fall off the course she was pursuing and follow another tack.

Young King Brady did not notice it, as she swung off so slowly.

At the end of half an hour the steersman returned, and asked the captain:

"Waal, sir, how did she act?"

"Fine!" replied Briggs. "Keep sharply to the course now, Tom, and don't let her fall off the fraction of a point, do you hear?"

"I'm a careful helmsman, sir."

"So I've heard. Had your mess?"

"I have, sir."

"Then I'll leave you and get mine."

He thereupon passed from the pilot-house and went below.

When he was gone Harry entered the wheel room and sat down.

"I know it's against the rule to come in here," said the boy, in half apologetic tones, "but I want to ask you a question, my friend."

"And what may that be, sir?"

"If the compass is all right?"

"Oh, yes. The old man was jist in a-testin' of it."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Certain, sir."

"That's all," said Harry, and he withdrew.

The boy was intensely puzzled, and when he met his partner he explained what had happened, and asked his opinion of it.

"It certainly was very singular," said Old King Brady, in thoughtful tones; "but I'm sure I can't make it out at all."

Just then Captain Lockwood joined them, and he seemed to be very much excited, for he pointed up at the stars and said:

"Say, Mr. Brady, have you noticed that the ship's course is changed?"

"Why, no. How would we know that?" asked the old detective in surprise.

"But it is," persisted the captain emphatically. "I've sailed over this course so often that I know. I can tell by the stars. That big bright one should be on our starboard quarter, and instead it's aft on the port side. In other words, this ship is swinging almost due south of the course she should be following to reach Liverpool!"

CHAPTER VII.

DISCOVERY OF THE MAGNET.

"Harry, there is treachery going on again."

"Briggs' peculiar actions in the pilot-house account for it."

"What in thunder could he have done?"

"Perhaps laid out a new course for the helmsman to follow. I didn't ask the man that."

"You'd better do so."

"Very well. Wait here till I return."

The boy went back to the wheel-house and entered.

Glancing at him with an odd look, the helmsman asked him:

"Say, why did you ask me if ther steering gear was all right a while ago?"

"Oh, merely out of curiosity," answered the boy.

"An' I told yer it was in good order."

"That's what you did."

"I must a-been mistaken."

"Why?"

"'Cause I've just noticed something very funny."

"What is it?"

"D'yer see that there compass card?"

"I do," replied Young King Brady, peering into the box.

"D'yer see how stiff it stands in its present direction?"

"It doesn't move and swing about as compass cards always do."

"Waal, that's jest it. No matter if I let ther ship fall off, or come up, that blamed card don't budge a hair's breadth, sir."

"That's very queer. Can it be broken?"

"Blest if I know. It was all right afore I went ter mess."

"Then it has only acted this way since Captain Briggs had the wheel?"

"Ay, ay, sir. That's at, an' I'm puzzled. Ain't never seen no card do sich a trick as that afore, I didn't."

"How do you account for it?"

"Maybe ther card is off ther swivel."

"Shall I examine it and see?"

"I wisht yer would, sir, as I can't le' go ther wheel ter do it."

Harry opened the compass box, and lifted up the edge of the card.

All the pivots were in place so the compass would remain level no matter at what angle the ship might be inclined, and the card was firmly secured. There were two lamps reflecting their lights into the binnacle, and by the glow from one of these Harry's glance was attracted by the metallic gleam of steel in the bottom of the box.

As all the metal work about the compass except the needle was of brass, the appearance of steel there aroused his curiosity.

Thrusting down his hand, he drew up the object.

"An electric magnet!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Good Lord!" gasped the helmsman. "No wonder ther compass needle wouldn't sway ter keep a-pintin' ter ther north when ther ship fell off. That blamed thing must a-held it like glue!"

"Who put it in the box?"

"Not me. I ain't quite crazy."

"Then who else could have done it?"

"I'm dog-goned if I know."

A satirical smile crossed Young King Brady's calm features, and he dropped the magnet in his pocket, and said rather pointedly:

"It lies between you and Captain Briggs."

"Waal, it wasn't me!" stoutly asserted the sailor.

"You laid a different course than the right one, didn't you?"

"O' course. How could I help it a-goin' by ther compass?"

"Are you steering right now?"

"Sure I am."

"And the compass works correctly?"

"It do."

"Now, see here, Tom."

"Well, sir?"

"Somebody must have put this magnet in that box."

"It couldn't open the box an' hop in of its own accord, sir."

"Of course not. You swear you didn't do it. No one says you did; but as the compass was all right before Captain Briggs came in here, why should it be all wrong after he came and went, I'd like to know?"

"You means——"

"That Briggs put this magnet in the binnacle."

"I may have my suspicions, sir, but I don't dare ter say."

"Certainly not. But I'll say what I think."

"You've got a right ter."

"What object had he in doing this?"

"Mebbe a joke on me."

"Is he ever given to practical joking?"

"Never, an' I've sailed wi' him fer many years."

"Then you have exploded your own theory."

"What else could actuate a man ter do sich a thing?"

"A desire to baffle the owners' wish to overhaul the Red Raven."

"I see; but I'm blest if I kin understand what good that'd do."

"That's because you don't know everything," replied Harry. "Now you keep your own counsel about this matter, and the captain won't be any the wiser about our finding out about his trick—see?"

"I wouldn't dare ter open my mouth about it, sir."

Harry left him.

When he joined Old King Brady and Captain Lockwood, he told them what he had discovered, and aroused their surprise and anger.

"The villain!" ejaculated Lockwood. "I knew the stars could not fool me. He's bound you won't overhaul my craft."

"And we are bound we shall," replied Old King Brady. "It's very lucky for us you were aboard and saw that this craft was not following her right course, else he would have landed us on the coast of Africa."

"If we keep on in our present course, with no further interruption," said Harry, "and gain four knots an hour on the Red Raven, about when do you think we ought to overtake her?"

"To-night," replied the captain.

"In that case we'd better be prepared for action."

"How?"

"By being armed."

"My men have no weapons."

"Oh, we've prepared for that contingency," said Old King Brady, quickly. "Just before we sailed I told Mr. Gray what to expect, and he shipped several cases of arms and ammunition aboard. They are down in the hold now, and I'll see that they are broken out and distributed. How many of your party can we count on in a fight?"

"There were forty of us, and every man would take pleasure in fighting the scoundrels who stole our ship and left us to perish on the sea."

"Good! I haven't sounded the crew of this craft yet, but I feel quite certain that we can rely upon at least as many more," said Old King Brady, earnestly.

"In that case we will outnumber them two to one."

"Yes, and outclass and outfight them," laughed Old King Brady.

After some further conversation, a council of war was held in the main saloon, in which all hands took part.

Mr. Gray ordered the arms taken out and passed around. Captain Briggs readily agreed to do this.

He felt positive that the ship was being driven so far out of the course of the Red Raven that they would never meet her again.

On that account he scorned the impression the rest had, that they might run her down that night.

In a couple of hours the cases were out of the hold, and every one of the rescued men was armed.

The crew of the White Lady looked on in astonishment.

"What does it all mean, anyway?" one of them asked.

"I'll tell you," replied Old King Brady, overhearing the remark. "You all know how the crew of the Red Raven

mutinied, and seizing the ship cast these officers and passengers adrift in open boats, don't you?"

"Yes, yes!" came from all sides.

"Well, the object actuating them was their desire to steal a consignment of two million dollars in gold shipped on that craft," said Old King Brady.

Cries of amazement came from the crew.

The detective watched the effect produced by his words.

He then addressed them again, asking:

"Now, how many of you men are willing to take up arms and aid Mr. Gray to recover that treasure from those robbers?"

For a moment there was a deep silence.

Captain Briggs was watching his men keenly.

Finally one of them stepped forward, and said resolutely:

"I will."

"And so will I," added another.

Then the rest chimed in, and in a few moments, to Briggs' dismay, he saw that every man there volunteered to aid the detectives.

And they were armed on the spot.

"I can't depend on a man of them to stick to me," muttered Briggs in disgust, "unless I can turn them on my side by secretly offering them a share of that treasure to revolt at the last moment."

Just then there came a startling interruption.

The lookout shouted in tones of intense excitement:

"Ship ahead on the port beam, and judging by the peculiar lights she carries and the shape of her hull, she must be the Red Raven!"

Captain Briggs was stricken dumb with alarm and astonishment.

The effect upon the rest was like magic.

A rush was made for the railings, so they could catch a glimpse of the craft that caused the lookout to make such a startling assertion.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HOT RACE.

It was a clear, beautiful night, and the full moon hung like an electric light in the starry sky. A silvery sheen was glimmering and dancing in the surface of the sea, and a gentle breeze was blowing from the west.

A huge steamer loomed up ahead.

With a stream of black smoke pouring from her funnel, and her peak and port lights twinkling, she was cutting swiftly through the water.

A peculiar feature of the Liverpool Line was that their ships could be detected at night by a red and white light at the peak.

This craft carried two such lights.

Captain Briggs and the engineer stood side by side.

The moment the former's glance fell on the ship, he hissed furiously:

"Perdition! It's the Red Raven!"

"I thought yer fixed ther compass," muttered Paddy.

"So I did. Something must have gone wrong. We

should have been leagues to the southward of this course. Look at the stars; they show plainly we are on the right tack."

"Faith, ther magnet may not have worked on ther compass."

"It did. I tested it. There couldn't be any error on that score."

"Ther rowlin' av ther ship may have moved it."

"Very true; anyway the fact remains it ain't working now."

"Arrah, what's ter be done now?"

"Something strong and decisive."

"We'll overhaul her soon."

"It must not be permitted, Paddy! You must disable this craft; you said you could. Show your vaunted ability. Recollect, a thousand dollars are yours if you prevent us overtaking that craft."

"Be heavens, I'll win that money or die!"

The engineer dashed below.

But Harry saw the pair conferring and observed his action.

Like a flash the boy darted after him.

"He's up to some mischief," the boy muttered. "I'll balk him!"

And he disappeared down the companionway.

Old King Brady stood on the starboard side with Mr. Gray.

"What do you think of that craft?" the detective asked.

"She's the Red Raven, sure enough. I know her lines. Moreover, her peak light is the one we insist upon, and it clinches all doubts."

"We are gaining on her fast."

"But they see us and are getting up speed to run away."

"How can you tell, Mr. Gray?"

"By the smoke. They're feeding the furnaces, probably, with oil."

"It's a hot race!"

They looked on with interest.

There was something impressive about this struggle between these two ocean greyhounds, and it thrilled the beholders.

On, on, on they tore through the brine, and every one got excited.

Mr. Gray turned to Captain Briggs, and cried sharply:

"Captain!"

"Sir?"

"Increase your speed."

"Can't, sir; we are now carrying every pound the boilers can stand."

"I'll see about that!" was the grim reply. "Henry!"

"Yah," replied the engineer of the Red Raven.

"Come below with me, and help me to see that this ship is rushed at the extreme top of her speed."

"I vos mit yer, sir."

Briggs turned pale with rage and mortification.

He planted himself before them and roared threateningly:

"Just hold on there!"

"What do you mean?" shouted Mr. Gray, angrily.

"I am the master of this ship, and will allow no outside interference with the way I am having her run!"

"You shut up and get out of my way."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. I am the captain here!"

"I don't care a rap who you are," retorted Mr. Gray, excitedly. "There's the craft we are after, and I'm bound to see that every point is strained to overtake her, captain or no captain. And what's more, you nor any one else shall not interfere to prevent it! Go below, Henry!"

"Zeigler!" thundered the captain, with a black scowl, "if you interfere in the slightest degree with my business, I'll fire you overboard!"

The engineer paused in dismay.

White to the lips, Mr. Gray faced the captain.

"You know what your orders are from me, don't you?" he demanded.

"I do," emphatically replied Briggs, "and I'm carrying them out, too!"

"Why do you object to this man helping you?"

"Simply because my own men can do the work without his aid."

"This is a remarkable way for you to act at such a time."

"I don't care a cuss for your opinion of my actions."

"You don't, eh?"

"No, I don't!"

"I'll remember this when we reach port."

"Oh, you can't scare me with threats. I'll quit you anyway."

"Then I'll go below and watch the engines myself."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!"

"I'll show you whether I'll do as I please with my own property or not!" roared Mr. Gray, and the next moment he started for the companionway.

He had scarcely taken two steps, when Briggs, with his face convulsed into a demoniacal expression, rushed after him.

Seizing Mr. Gray by the neck, he fiercely hurled him to the deck.

The gentleman was half stunned, and the captain raised his foot to kick the prostrate man, when Old King Brady dashed at him. Out shot the detective's fist like a battering ram. It caught the captain on the nose and knocked him flat on the deck.

"You coward!" cried the angry detective. "I'll teach you to behave!"

Briggs bounded to his feet, his gray mustache covered with blood from his nose, and a sullen glare in his bulging eyes.

"Curse you!" he cried hoarsely. "You struck me—you've hit the captain. I'll have your life for that blow!"

He drew a revolver and cocked it.

Biff! went Old King Brady's fist against his eye before he could use the pistol, and the blow staggered him.

A yell of fury pealed from his lips as he reeled back.

The detective gave him a punch on the wrist that knocked the pistol out of his hand, and for a moment paralyzed his arm.

"You get out of this now!" thundered the old detective.

as he grabbed Briggs by the neck and rushed him across the deck. "We are running this ship now, and don't need any of your interference!"

The open door of a state-room was before him.

He gave the captain a parting kick, which propelled him head first into the room, where he fell in a heap on the floor.

Pulling the door shut, Old King Brady locked it.

Returning to Mr. Gray, who had risen, he exclaimed:

"Now go and see if the ship is running at full speed, sir."

"There will be the deuce to pay for this affair," said Mr. Gray. "Come on, Henry. There's no time to waste now, my boy!"

And away they rushed.

The row had been witnessed by all hands on deck.

Nobody attempted to interfere, for they all felt that the owner had a legitimate right to protect the enormous interests he had at stake, even to the extent of stopping the captain from interfering.

When they reached the engine room they found, as Mr. Gray suspected, that the ship was not doing her best.

The second engineer was on hand, and Mr. Gray ordered him to see that a full head of steam was instantly put on.

The man hastened to obey.

On deck, while the captain was yelling, swearing and kicking at the state-room door in an effort to get out, the crew watched the race.

It was evident enough that the Red Raven was momentarily increasing her speed, for she began to forge ahead faster.

"Sam Hawley and his gang must recognize this ship," said Old King Brady, "and they probably realize that we are in pursuit of them. They will use every effort to escape. But it's useless. They can't evade us now. We will overtake them as sure as fate! It's only a question of time."

"We are creeping up on her slowly but surely now, sir," replied the steward. "She must be doing her best. See how fast she is flying, and what a wide, foamy wake she is leaving astern in the sea."

An hour passed by.

In that time the furious race went on unabated.

The White Lady kept creeping up nearer to her rival.

In due time she was within one hundred yards of the fugitive, and Old King Brady, making a speaking trumpet of his hands, yelled:

"Red Raven, ahoy!"

Hawley appeared at the taffrail with a rifle in his hands.

"Ahoy!" he replied.

"Haul to there. We wish to board you!"

"Not on yer life!" roared the mate; "an' if yer don't veer off, we'll kill yer."

"You'll get the worst of this in the end."

"Will I? Then you won't be in at my funeral!"

As the mate made this defiant reply a score of his men rushed up and surrounded him, armed with rifles, and he aimed at the detective and fired.

Bang! went the weapon.

The bullet came whistling over the water, and the crowd

about the old detective scattered and fled for shelter, fearing to get shot.

The White Lady gave a sudden lurch, and the bullet whizzed harmlessly over Old King Brady's head, and he uttered a quiet chuckle.

CHAPTER IX.

BREAKING THE ENGINE.

When Paddy O'Brien went down in the engine room, he picked up a huge iron wrench from a rack, and went in among the machinery.

Pausing at a heavy crank-shaft, he began to hammer at the coupling-pin. By knocking this out, the joint would quickly separate of its own accord.

Although the pistons and pump rods might then keep working at a furious rate of speed, the propeller would be cut out of motion.

It would then become necessary to draw the fires, blow off steam, stop the entire mechanism and bring the ship to a pause to fix it.

As all this in addition to the repairing would occupy considerable time, he calculated that the Red Raven would get away.

But he did not know he had Harry to contend with.

The boy glided up behind him, grasped his wrist, thrust a revolver in his face and exclaimed coolly:

"Hold on there, O'Brien! That will do!"

"Brady!" gasped the guilty man in tones of alarm.

"Exactly!"

"What do you want down here?"

"I want you to stop that nonsense!"

"Dhrop that gun. It may go off."

"Your head will go with it if it does."

"Howly poker, can't ye leave me fix ther machinery?"

"No, you are fixing it so it won't work."

"It's daffy yez are, entoirely. I'm hammerin' in this pin."

"Well, you leave it alone, I tell you, or I'll pull the trigger."

Paddy was very much alarmed.

He did not like the looks of the pistol staring him in the face, and he began to tremble and gasp:

"Are you goin' ter take away that gun or not?"

"Not till you get out of this place."

"D'yer want ther ship ter stop?"

"No, but you do."

O'Brien saw that the boy knew very well that he was trying to injure the machinery rather than repair it, and it made him desperate.

He pondered a moment, and seeing that he could do nothing while that threatening weapon was aimed at his brain, he dropped the wrench to the floor, and said in threatening tones:

"Well, I'll obey yez, me bye, but begorry, whin we mate the ould marn, I'll be afther tellin' him av yer actions, an' it's in oirons he'll put yer."

"Oh, I'll run chances on that."

"Now, what d'yer want?"

"I want you to march up on deck."

"Very well, ye little spalpeen, but you'll catch Ballyhoo, bad cess ter yer!"

"Go! About face, march!"

"Yis!"

And off the engineer strode.

He felt deeply chagrined over his exposure.

When they reached the iron circular stairs, he shot a side-glance at Young King Brady, and saw that the boy had lowered his pistol.

A cunning plan flashed across his mind to get the best of Harry.

Going up a few steps, he heard Harry ascend behind him.

Then he paused.

As quick as a flash he kicked backward.

His foot was planted against the boy's lungs like a catapult.

Over went Harry, and he landed on his back with a heavy shock at the foot of the stairs in a half stunned condition.

Paddy pounced upon him.

"I have ye!" he hissed.

Before the boy recovered his senses, the villain got a piece of marline and a handkerchief and bound and gagged him.

When Harry revived he found himself helpless.

O'Brien rushed back to the machinery and picked up his wrench.

With a few blows he knocked out the pin and then drew back to watch the result of his crooked work. He had not long to wait.

The crank whirled around several times, then the shaft flew apart at the coupling, there came a fearful crash that shook the ship from stem to stern, and the villain fled aloft to escape detection.

Some of the coal passers rushed in from the stoke hole.

The momentum of the shaft was dashing it wildly about, and as Young King Brady lay dangerously near, the heavy steel bar threatened at any moment to dash down on him and smash him to a pulp.

One of the firemen seized him, and at the risk of his own life, gallantly dragged the imperilled boy away to a place of safety.

Meantime the White Lady's sharp prow had gone close to the stern of the Red Raven before the crash came.

Old King Brady had not been frightened by the shot Hawley fired at him, and had drawn his own revolver.

Taking deliberate aim at his enemy, he fired.

The detective was a dead shot.

As the range was short, the bullet hit the mutineer, and he gave a wild yell of agony, dropped his rifle and fell writhing to the deck.

His companions, instead of shooting at the bold detective, became panic-stricken and rushed away.

"Run along side of her!" shouted Old King Brady to the helmsman.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Around spun the wheel, and she veered off.

Just then the crank shaft parted.

Crash—bang!

The shock was appalling.

Every one thought the ship was about to go to pieces, and some of the men made a rush for the life-boats.

Old King Brady did not lose his nerve amid the excitement of rushing, shouting, excitable men.

He knew by the sound that something had happened to the machinery.

"Can this be some more of Briggs' dirty work?" he muttered.

A few moments later he saw the Red Raven forging ahead, and a smothered cry of vexation escaped the old detective.

"We are stopping and she'll escape us!" he exclaimed in disgust.

Just then Paddy O'Brien rushed on deck shouting:

"Our machinery is disabled! Where is ther captain?"

"You'd better prevent the boilers from blowing up!" roared Old King Brady.

With a frightened look the villain dashed below again, and met two of the firemen carrying Harry Brady up from the engine room.

The rascal said nothing to them.

He hurried below to attend to the machinery.

When Harry reached the deck, Captain Lockwood and all the cooler men succeeded in calming the fears of the panic-stricken crew.

As soon as Old King Brady saw the condition his partner was in, a flush of anger overspread his face. He rushed over to the boy, and cutting off the gag and bands, he cried:

"What does this mean, anyway?"

Harry got upon his feet.

Glancing around, he exclaimed:

"Is the ship stopping?"

"Yes," replied Old King Brady. "What has happened?"

"O'Brien has disabled the engines."

"Confound him."

"He laid me out for interfering."

"I'll make him pay for that."

"Hawley will slip right out of our hands now."

"Yes, see! They are running right away from us, and we have no means of stopping them!" growled Old King Brady, savagely.

"It's all O'Brien's fault."

"Where is the villain? Down in the engine room?"

"Yes. He's trying to save the ship, I guess."

They watched the receding ship for some time in silence, and observing that she was bound to escape, Old King Brady said bitterly:

"She's gone. It's of no use to hope to catch her to-night."

"Well," said Harry, cheerily, "that doesn't signify that we won't overhaul her again. I think our wisest course at present will be to get this craft in working order again as quickly as possible. Every minute is precious!"

"Here comes Henry Ziegler. Let's take him below and find out the extent of the damage to the machinery; then we'll make a prisoner of Paddy O'Brien."

They called the engineer.

Mr. Gray, wild with disappointment, went down with them.

The German engineer soon saw the extent of the trouble and explained it.

"I don't see how dot grank-shaft vos got ungoupled!" he exclaimed.

"Well," said Harry, "I caught O'Brien in the act of knocking out that coupling pin you see lying on the floor."

"Dot oxblains id," said the engineer.

"Will we be able to fix it?"

"Sure; bud it vill dook all night, und ve don't could got under veigh dis some dime to-morrer. Dot vos so cerdain as nefer vas."

At this juncture O'Brien came in, and seeing Harry, he paused, turned pale, and looked somewhat frightened.

Old King Brady strode over to him.

Clapping a hand on the villain's arm, he exclaimed:

"O'Brien, you are my prisoner!"

"Yer prisoner?" stammered the man.

"Exactly," replied the detective, producing a pair of handcuffs.

There was a slight struggle between them, but when it was ended Paddy O'Brien had the bracelets on his wrists.

Old King Brady then turned to Henry and said, quietly:

"You'd better take this man's post as engineer aboard this ship, for he will not be able to attend to his duty in future, as we intend to lock him up where he can do us no more harm."

CHAPTER X.

HURLED OVERBOARD.

All that night the White Lady lay rolling in the trough of the sea, and an army of men under Henry's direction worked like beavers down in the engine room at repairing the crank-shaft.

In the meantime the Red Raven kept running away, and gradually receding from view until finally she vanished entirely in the dim distance.

The following day broke dull and lowering.

There was every prospect of an impending storm.

Finishing their breakfast, the Bradys went up on deck.

There they met Mr. Gray.

"What shall we do with Briggs?" Old King Brady asked him.

"Lock him up," answered the ship owner. "We've got a clear case against him and his accomplice. He is too dangerous to leave at large any longer, as he not only is working furiously to interfere with us, but he is also a menace to our peace and comfort aboard this ship."

"Have you spoken to Lockwood?"

"Yes. I've given him command of this ship."

"And Henry has charge of the machinery."

"Then we are better off than ever, Mr. Brady, and in future we will be surer of every effort being exerted in our behalf to capture the Red Raven."

"Call up the officers and crew, Harry."

In a few minutes the deck was crowded with them.

Matters were explained and they readily agreed to Mr. Gray's arrangement.

They then gathered in a circle around the door of the stateroom into which Captain Briggs had been locked and Old King Brady opened it.

He flung the door back and drew aside.

The next moment out rushed Briggs like an angry bull.

He paused in the middle of the ring of humanity, glared around at the people with a surprised look upon his red face and growled:

"What does this mean?"

Old King Brady tapped him on the arm and replied quietly:

"It means that your perfidy is all exposed."

"You—" bellowed the angry man, taking a step toward him.

"Silence!" sternly interrupted the detective.

"Explain yourself!" roared the captain.

"Then listen. We have known from the beginning that you were in league with Sam Hawley, to prevent us from capturing him."

"You lie, Brady; you know you do."

"The crew can judge of my veracity. I'm telling the truth. We have got dead evidence against you and your pal, Paddy O'Brien."

"What evidence?"

"In the first place, when you discovered that we were in pursuit of the Red Raven, you deliberately connived with O'Brien to run this steamer at half speed, so the Red Raven could get away from us."

"I did nothing of the kind," snorted Briggs, showing his teeth.

"When we baffled your design," continued the old detective, paying no heed to the interruption, "you next schemed to fool your own pilot by dropping a horse shoe magnet in the binnacle—"

"I didn't!"

"My partner saw you, and he got the magnet out, and foiled you again. That's how we happened to get back upon our proper course, and meet with the Red Raven. Your last act of villainy was to attack your employer. But I stopped that ere you had the chance to murder him. Then, last, but not least, your pal carried out your order to disable this ship, and he did it, and thus caused us to lose the Red Raven just when we were surest we had her."

"What have I got to do with Paddy O'Brien?"

"You know. It's of no use to repeat an old story. We've got him locked up. Now we are going to imprison you, too."

"I dare you to. I am the captain of this—"

"Oh, chestnuts! Spring some new gag on us. We are tired of hearing that time-honored old proverb. You are deposed by Mr. Gray. You are no longer the commander of this craft. Captain Lockwood has been appointed to fill your place and Zeigler has taken O'Brien's job off his hands. You are merely a prisoner. No man here recognizes your authority—do you, boys?"

"No! No! No!" roared the crowd appealed to.

Briggs' face was a study of conflicting emotions.

He glanced around at the unfriendly faces surrounding him, and realized with a feeling akin to anguish that his prestige was gone.

Every one of his men had turned on him for his villainy.

Then he turned a sinister glance upon the old detective and cried bitterly:

"I have you to thank for my downfall."

"You have yourself to thank. Had you been a decent, honest man, you would not have gotten into this trouble."

"Preaching be blowed!"

"Then we won't prolong this scene."

"I have only one thing to say to you, Brady."

"Say it quickly, then."

"It is this. I shall wreak a terrible vengeance upon you both for this."

"Is that all you wish to say?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me."

"Where?"

"Down in the hold. I'm going to lock you up."

He grasped the villain by the collar and led him below, followed by a number of the men, who wished to see his case settled.

In the dark, gloomy hold, he was thrown into a small compartment over the forward bilges with his companion in crime, the massive door was banged shut, the bolts were shot and he was left to his thoughts.

It was noon time before the engineer succeeded in getting the broken machinery in repair, and when steam was generated the ship proceeded on her way in pursuit of her prey.

For two days the sea and sky retained a sullen, threatening aspect, and there rose frequent fog banks that necessitated slackened speed.

A keen watch was maintained night and day for some sign of the fugitive ship, for they calculated that they must then be close to her heels.

Toward the close of the second day Old King Brady was sitting in Lockwood's cabin, and the captain pointed at the barometer hanging on the wall and said:

"That thing indicates a heavy storm."

"Soon?" queried the detective.

"Very. The mercury has fallen nearly half an inch. You see, 30 is the average, and a fall of half an inch means a fearful storm."

"It's about time we had it. The weather has threatened long enough."

"When it comes, our chances of meeting the Red Raven will be lessened materially. A gale may blow us both far out of the course we are following. Separated thus, we might never find her again."

"That's encouraging!"

"In a day or two we should be pretty close to Europe."

"Well, there's every probability that no matter where the storm carries the Red Raven, she will ultimately find her way into the Mediterranean, and if we scour that sea, we'll stand some chance of finding her."

"That's our only consolation."

Old King Brady felt restless that night.

He went up on deck an hour later and found it deserted by every one save the lookout and the man in the wheel house.

The sails had been furled.

It had grown very dark and the wind had risen to half a gale and was whistling about the reeling ship with a shrill noise.

A heavy chop sea was on and the spray was dashing up on the forward deck in showers.

Old King Brady pulled his hat brim down over his eyes and walked aft to the sternmost flag pole.

Here he glanced up at the lowering sky, and then he caught view of a bright phosphorescent snapping and sparkling in the water at the screw under the stern.

At times great globes of fire seemed to rush to the surface of the water there, only to burst and disappear the next moment.

He became deeply absorbed in watching this queer light.

In fact, he was so interested and so unsuspecting of danger that he failed to observe two dark, shadowy forms creeping up the after companionway. Leaning on the taffrail with his elbows and abstractedly gazing down into the water, the old detective's back was turned toward them.

One of the pair caught view of him.

He nudged his companion and pointed to the detective.

A hurried conversation in whispers followed.

Then, as quietly and stealthily as twin shadows, they crept out on the deck and softly made their way toward him.

In a few moments they were in arms' reach and rose to their feet.

Still Old King Brady remained unconscious of his peril.

Had he looked around he might have seen that they were Briggs and O'Brien.

The villains peered around.

The next moment their cruel, relentless fingers reached out and grasped Old King Brady in a deadly clutch.

He gave a startled cry.

Glancing around over his shoulder he saw them.

But he was too late.

"Over with him!" Briggs hissed.

They hurled him over the rail.

A wild cry escaped the detective as he plunged down into the turbulent sea, for he could not swim a stroke.

A jeering, mocking laugh escaped the villains and gliding back to the open companionway they plunged into the opening and disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DETECTIVE'S PERIL.

Having no desire to starve the two prisoners to death, Captain Lockwood had given the negro cook instructions to feed Briggs and O'Brien.

A waiter, armed with a lantern, had gone below to fetch them their supper. When he opened the door the villains sprang at him, knocked him down, dragged him into their prison and secured him there.

They devoured the food he brought down.

Next, they crept up on the upper deck and attacked Old King Brady.

Having thrown him overboard, they returned to the lower gangway.

Pausing, the captain whispered:

"I told that detective I'd have revenge and I've kept my word."

"Sure, an' I hope no wan seen us do him," replied Paddy.

"There wasn't a soul on deck."

"There's no tellin'."

"See if we can find the boy Harry."

"Bedad, I'll run no risks."

"Well, I shall."

"Hark! What's that?"

A chorus of laughter reached their ears.

It came from the mess room and they peered through a window.

Inside several of the officers sat at a table, playing cards.

Harry was among them, a spectator, and sat with his back to the window.

Clutching O'Brien's wrist with one hand, Briggs pointed at the young detective with the other, and hissed in low, sibilant tones:

"There he is, now!"

"It's nuthin' yez kin do wid him till he laves thim."

"I can't, eh? You'll see."

As Briggs spoke he drew a revolver from his hip pocket, cocked it and peered into the room again.

The engineer looked alarmed.

"What are yer goin' ter do?" he demanded.

"Shoot him!" was the savage reply.

"Ivery wan in there will see yer."

"Don't you believe it."

"Can yer ddrop him be firin' troo ther windy?"

"Easily. We can get away before they discover us, too."

"How?"

"By running for the forward hatch."

"D'yer mane ter git back inter ther hold?"

"Certainly. It won't do to get nabbed. We may be accused of the deed, but who can prove it? There are no witnesses."

"Briggs, this is a dangerous business."

"Don't you want revenge?"

"I do."

"Can't we thank the Bradys for our trouble?"

"No wan else."

"Then here's our chance to get back at them."

"I'm weakenin'."

"You're a cowardly fool."

"Sure, I can't deny it."

"Get ready to run as soon as I fire."

"Fer ther love av heaven end this suspinse!"

Briggs aimed his pistol through the window and drew a bead on Harry's back.

For an instant there was an oppressive silence.

Bang!

The sharp report rang out.

In flew the bullet toward its intended victim.

But an instant before one of the players had dropped a card to the floor and Harry stooped over suddenly to pick it up.

That action alone saved his life.

The ball passed over him and struck the table.

All the card players were intensely startled, and sprang to their feet.

"Who fired that shot?" yelled the purser.

"It came from that open window!" replied the porter.

"By jingo, there's an assassin aboard!" the steward cried.

Harry had risen, and saw what he escaped.

"That shot was meant for me!" he exclaimed.

The next moment he rushed for the door.

Seeing he missed and fearful of detection, Briggs rushed away, followed by his accomplice, and they passed forward along the gangway.

Before they reached the end, three sailors came around the curve ahead of them and they came to a sudden pause, O'Brien gasping hurriedly:

"Hoide—quick! Here comes some wan."

"Run for the companion."

It was midway to the oncoming sailors.

They rushed ahead just as Harry emerged.

As soon as the boy saw them he recognized the pair.

"The prisoners have escaped!" he cried.

Then he dashed after them.

"We're seen!" groaned O'Brien.

"And we can't go down by the forward hatchway."

"Go over ther deck ter ther stern wan."

"Yes, yes! Follow me."

Up they rushed as Young King Brady bore down upon them, and reaching the upper deck, they started to run away.

Harry overtook them.

Springing on Briggs' back he bore the villain to the deck and a fearful struggle for the mastery ensued between the pair.

While it was going on Paddy O'Brien darted down a flight of stairs and left his companion to fight it out alone.

Some of the card players now came rushing up, and pitching in helped Harry.

Overwhelmed by force of numbers, Briggs was borne to the deck and secured so he could not budge hand or foot.

"We have him!" announced the panting steward.

"What became of his pal?" asked the porter.

"Just went below," replied the purser.

"You assassin!" cried Harry, shaking his fist at the villain, "you thought you could plug me in the back, didn't you?"

"Only a miracle saved you," hissed Briggs grimly.

"We'll take that gun now, so you can do no more harm with it."

And so saying the boy relieved him of his pistol.

Briggs was rendered helpless.

"Go after his pal, boys!" cried Harry to the rest. "You'll find him roaming somewhere about the ship. Don't let the villain go free any longer."

Away they ran to capture the engineer.

Just then a faint cry reached Harry's ears.

"Help! Help!" came the feeble cry.

"It's Old King Brady's voice," Harry muttered. "But where does it come from? I must find out. He seems to be in trouble."

An interval of silence ensued.

Then the faint voice called out again:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Young King Brady rushed to the stern of the ship and glanced around with a perplexed expression upon his face.

"The voice seemed to come from this direction," he muttered.

He listened intently.

Only the churning of the wheel reached his ears.

"Hello!" he yelled. "Old King Brady."

"Is that you, Harry?" came the distant reply.

"Yes. Where are you?"

"Down in the water, under the stern."

"Good Lord! How did you get there?"

"Briggs fired me overboard. I'm clinging to the rudder chains. Get me up out of here quick. My strength is giving out fast."

From where he was Harry could not see him.

But the old detective was clinging there in the midst of the white froth boiling up from the whirling propeller.

When he plunged overboard he flung out his hands and a cross wave struck him and knocked him under the ship's counter.

His outstretched hands came in contact with one of the rudder chains and he held on with all his strength.

Harry's voice nerved him to hang on longer.

The boy shouted to the steward:

"Brady's overboard! Fetch a rope."

"All right," answered the officer.

He picked up a coil hanging from a belaying pin on the mast band and rushed aft with it.

Harry tied one end to the taffrail, dropped the rest overboard and slid down to the water's edge, just as some sailors joined the steward.

Dropping into the water he swam over to the old detective and passed a bight of the line around his body.

When it was secured he shouted, as he grasped the chain: "Heave away up there!"

The steward and the sailors pulled up the line, and Old King Brady was hauled up to the deck.

At the same moment a wave struck Harry and loosened his grip on the chain.

CHAPTER XII.

FIGHTING A MAN-EATER.

If Harry Brady had not relaxed his grip on the rudder chain when that wave rose, he would have been banged against the ship's counter so hard that every bone in his body might have been crushed.

He saw his danger at once and was swept away.

But he was in a position of equal peril.

The ship rushed ahead without the boy.

He was left struggling in the heavy sea far astern of the White Lady ere the men up on deck observed what had happened to him.

"Ahoy there!" he shouted.

He was a good swimmer, but his clothing hampered him.

Old King Brady saw the boy's head bobbing up and down on the water.

"By thunder, he's been washed away!" he shouted.

"Stop the ship! Lower a boat!" roared the steward excitedly.

Old King Brady did something more practical.

He cut loose one of the big circular life preservers fastened to the laeing, and hurling it toward the boy, he shouted:

"Seize that, Harry. Hang on to it. It will hold you up till we get down a boat. Can you get it?"

"I'll reach it," replied the boy.

The ship kept receding further and further every moment and he swam toward the life preserver, and finally reached it. It was a great relief to him when he got his head through the hole in the middle and slipped it under his arms.

The cork buoy easily held him afloat.

Weighted down by his clothes, hampered by his shoes and tired from his exertions, the boy now had a chance to rest.

A bell rang aboard the White Lady.

He keenly watched the steamer.

Every one on deck was rushing about wildly, and he saw that they were slackening the White Lady's speed and trying to launch one of the life boats.

"In a short time they'll pick me up," he cogitated. "I don't need to exert myself any at all. Ah—what's this—part of a wreck?"

A broken oar floated up to him.

The blade had been broken off, leaving the end sharp and jagged.

Harry grasped it and muttered:

"By holding this up, it will guide them to me better."

He kept his glance fixed upon the steamer. She was making a curve, which would bring her back to where he floated.

Just then the moon appeared through a rift in the clouds.

Young King Brady peered around and a swift moving object cutting across the top of the water met his view.

It was a small, dark thing, and it was darting straight toward the spot where he was floating.

He eyed it curiously.

"The fin of a fish," he muttered.

Just then the waves receded from beneath the object.

He then saw the fish.

It was a monster, fully twenty feet in length.

A surprised look settled upon the young detective's face, and as he flashed a second glance upon it, the horrible truth dawned upon him.

"By Jove, it's a shark!"

The alarming fact made the boy shudder.

He had often read what voracious creatures they were.

When it was in close proximity and turned on its back.

its white belly was exposed and showed him its formidable mouth.

He knew this was its method of preparing to bite.

As quick as a flash he aimed the pointed end of the broken oar toward it and firmly clutched the handle with both hands.

On came the man-eater with a terrific rush.

The next instant it struck the end of the oar.

The sharp point pierced its body.

The force of the impact threw the boy back several yards through the brine, and he felt that he had held off the leviathan, as it could then get no nearer to him.

Furiously beating about in the water it finally tore its body free of the wooden weapon and retreated.

Its blood gushed from a gaping wound in its huge body and dyed the sea crimson everywhere it swam.

Harry eyed it sharply.

"It's a monster!" he muttered. "If I can hold it off until the boat reaches me, I'll be all right. But the trouble is, it may take it into its head to dive down and come up under me. If it does, I won't see it. With one snap it may then take off my legs."

The prospect was far from pleasant.

In fact, it made him feel very uneasy.

He did not remove his gaze from the shark an instant.

The cannibal of the sea kept swimming around and around him in circles which it gradually kept narrowing.

It finally arrived pretty close again.

Harry did not wait for its attack.

Drawing back the oar handle, he drove the point into the shark's body again with all the strength he could command.

As the keen pointed oak penetrated a few inches, a convulsive tremor passed over the great body.

It thrashed the sea with its fins and tail, and suddenly darted straight in toward the young detective.

The pole was torn from Harry's hands.

In another moment the creature banged against his body with a shock which made him ache all over.

The pole went with the fish, stuck in its gory sheath, and Young King Brady was left utterly defenseless.

"I'm done for now!" he muttered in despair.

To add to his alarm, he now observed several more dorsal fins cutting through the water like knives, all around him.

"More sharks!" he gasped.

It made him feel faint and sick at heart.

He glanced toward the White Lady, and observed that the crew had let down a boat from the davits, manned it and were pulling toward him.

"Oh, if they'd only hurry!" he thought anxiously.

He saw the wounded shark plainly among the others now, for the pole it carried stuck in its body was a good signal.

It was cleaving the water close by, preparing for a third attack. But just then, to the boy's astonishment, the other sharks made a combined rush for the wounded one from all sides. The blood it was losing made them savage.

With a terrible rush they pounced upon the injured fish and the next instant they were tearing it to pieces.

Great chunks were bit from its living body and the water

became discolored from its gore as it wildly beat about in a vain endeavor to beat off its voracious companions.

In the fight that ensued among the sharks to get the lion's share of the one Harry wounded, others were injured.

Their blood attracted the uninjured ones; then they were attacked. Then one of the most terrible battles ever witnessed began.

All the uninjured sharks were arrayed against the wounded ones in a determined effort to devour them.

When they dashed at each other and beat the sea into froth with their fins and tails the brine was in a turmoil.

High in the air the water was splashed, away darted victims with hungry friends in pursuit, and in some cases they bit and tore at each other until one or the other was killed.

Floating in the midst of this appalling fight Harry watched them as best he could in the gloom that settled down after the moon was hidden again behind the drifting cloud banks.

He expected at any moment that one or another of the sharks might rush at him and snap his body in two at one bite.

Turning his glance toward the boat, he saw it rising and falling in the waves, with Old King Brady standing in the bow.

"Boat ahoy!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

"We'll be with you pretty soon," Old King Brady answered.

"For pity's sake, hurry. I'm in an awful fix."

They did not know what ailed him, but they rowed with a will and soon forged up to where he was floating.

Then they observed his peril.

It incited them to greater exertions.

The sharks scattered right and left before the approach of the boat and a sigh of relief escaped Harry when the men reached him.

Old King Brady pulled him out of the water.

The boy pointed down at the man-eaters.

"Do you wonder that I wanted you to hurry?" he asked.

"How under the sun did you escape being eaten alive?" the old detective answered, as he looked the boy over to see if he were hurt.

"I owe it all to a Divine Providence," replied Harry, as the boat was rowed back toward the steamer. "I cannot account for my escape any other way."

They soon reached the White Lady.

When the boat was hoisted up on the davits and they got out they learned that O'Brien had been captured and returned to his prison with Captain Briggs.

The ship was then put back upon her course, and the chase after the fugitive Red Raven was resumed.

CHAPTER XIII.

HELD UP BY A MAN-OF-WAR.

"There's the Red Raven, at last!"

On the following afternoon this startling announcement from the lookout electrified the crew of the White Lady, as she glided past the rock of Gibraltar.

Afar in the distance a steamship was swiftly gliding through the blue waters of the sparkling Mediterranean, and as the lookout happened to have a good binocular with him he easily distinguished the vessel's lines.

Old King Brady and Mr. Gray were standing near the pilot house when he made his announcement, and they rushed over to him.

"Are you sure of her identity?" the detective asked in eager tones.

"Take this glass and judge for yourself, sir," answered the lookout.

Mr. Gray accepted it, at the detective's request.

He was most familiar with his own ship.

After a long, careful scrutiny he remarked:

"Sure enough! It's her!"

"Then our task should soon be at an end."

"I sincerely hope so, Mr. Brady."

"What is that craft far in advance of her, to the right?"

"Looks like a gun boat."

"See if you can distinguish its flag."

"I can. It's an Englishman."

"Appears as if the Red Raven were running toward her, doesn't it?"

"Yes. She has altered her course in that direction."

"Here comes Captain Lockwood."

"I'll get him to crack on steam."

When the captain approached, the old detective held a conference with him and word was sent down to the engineer to speed the White Lady.

For the next half hour the stokers were kept busy shoveling.

The White Lady soon began to forge on faster.

A sharp race then ensued.

Every one was on deck.

They keenly watched the flying steamship ahead, and saw that she, too, had increased her speed, and was rushing on as fast as she could go.

"Evidently they see us," said Harry.

"And fear a meeting," Old King Brady replied.

"Ha! See that. They are signalling that man-of-war."

"Yes. But she won't protect them."

Just then Captain Lockwood asked:

"Shall I arm the crew, Mr. Gray?"

"By all means," assented the owner. "We are bound to overhaul her soon, and we can't intimidate those villains without rifles."

The captain hurried away to obey the order.

Meantime the Red Raven reached the cruiser, glided past within a cable's length of her and sped along.

The English warship now ran out from shore.

As the White Lady came flying along the man-of-war fired a shot across her bow as a signal to heave to.

"How provoking!" Old King Brady cried in disgust.

"Going to stop us?" queried Harry.

"That's an order to do so."

"We'll lose the Red Raven again for a while, then."

"Certainly we shall, confound them."

"What are they stopping us for?"

"I'm blest if I can understand it."

Captain Lockwood signalled the engineer to stop the steamer.

He was annoyed and angry, but had to obey the stern mandate or run the risk of having his craft shot to pieces.

The captain joined the Bradys and the owner.

"I fear that Hawley has played a trick on us!" he exclaimed.

"What gives you that impression?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Simply because he let the Red Raven go and stops us."

"We shall soon find out his object."

"If the gunboat doesn't detain us too long," added Mr. Gray, "it will be merely a question of time when we shall run down the Red Raven to-night."

The White Lady's speed began to diminish.

By the time she paused, a quarter boat dropped from the side of the cruiser, was manned by several marines in command of a lieutenant, and was pulled over to the steamer.

A ladder was let down and the naval officer mounted to the deck with a couple of his men, glanced around curiously at Lockwood's armed sailors, and demanded in icy tones:

"Where is the captain of this craft?"

Lockwood advanced, saluted and replied:

"I'm the captain."

"Ah! I wish to have a word with you."

"What about?"

"Yonder steamer—the Red Raven."

"Indeed! What about her?"

"You must stop chasing her, sir."

"The deuce we must."

"Moreover, you must submit to arrest."

"Say! What are you driving at, anyway?"

The lieutenant smiled, pointed at the armed sailors and asked scornfully:

"Can you deny that they were intent upon shooting the crew of the Red Raven? Can you deny, in fact, that you are pirates, intent upon running down that steamer and stealing her cargo?"

"Is that what her commander charges?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be blowed. He's been fooling you, lieutenant."

"In what way, may I venture to ask?"

"Well, in the first place, we are not pirates."

"Can you prove it?"

"Easily."

"Do so."

"I'll show you our papers. They will not only prove our identity, but they will almost explain why we are chasing the Red Raven, armed with rifles, eager to attack her crew and anxious to get her cargo."

The lieutenant looked perplexed.

What Lockwood said was, to him, equal to a confession of guilt.

He said nothing, however, but waited for the papers.

Lockwood sent for them.

Meantime the Red Raven vanished.

She disappeared around a jutting promontory.

When the ship's papers were produced the lieutenant carefully read them.

This done he demanded an explanation.

The whole story was told to him.

He saw at once how Hawley had imposed on him.

Lifting his gold-laced cap he said:

"I beg pardon, gentlemen. I've grossly wronged you."

"No offense, sir," courteously replied the captain.

"Instead of adding to your present troubles, we should have held the villains on the Red Raven till you captured them and regained what belongs to you."

"That's a fact."

"Your papers are all right. But appearances were against you. Those armed men led us to believe Hawley's story was true, of course, and that's why I boarded your craft."

"We shall capture those villains yet and land that gold in Liverpool," asserted the captain.

"I hope you will. I'll go now, so as not to detain you, as every moment must be precious to you."

He apologized again, saluted and returned to his boat.

Then he was rowed back to his ship.

When he was gone, Old King Brady laughed grimly, and exclaimed:

"Sam Hawley is a deep rascal. He knew that by playing a trick of that kind on us he could slip away temporarily and gain a lead."

"But he certainly must have reckoned on his lie being exposed," said Harry.

"Of course he did. But there's an ulterior object behind it."

"I can't see what he'd gain by a brief lead."

"Wouldn't it give him and his men a chance to land, and run away?"

"Leaving the steamer—"

"But not the gold."

"Then you suspect they may land the treasure?"

"If they can't escape, they'll try to hide it on shore beyond a doubt, rather than permit it to fall into our hands."

"By jingo, you may be right, Old King Brady."

Both Lockwood and Mr. Gray overheard this dialogue.

It made him feel very uneasy.

"Get up steam again as quickly as you can, captain," implored the owner. "What Brady suspects may be true."

"I hope not," said Lockwood, as he hurried away.

It took fully two hours for the machinery of the White Lady to get running again, and the gloom of night fell on the sea.

A double lookout was posted.

The steamer glided ahead and finally rounded the jutting strip of land behind which the Red Raven had disappeared.

For many miles ahead the sea was visible.

But the fugitive had disappeared.

There was not a sail in sight in the bright moonlight, and the White Lady was kept close to the African coast, and sent along at her swiftest pace, while every one remained upon the alert for the Red Raven.

They soon examined the coast line with scrupulous care, but no success seemed to crown their efforts.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHIP AFIRE.

Upon leaving the headland of Cape Tres Forcas astern, on the coast of Morocco, the White Lady headed for Rachgoun island, off the main of Algeria.

This little island was just north of the city of Sidi Bel Abbes.

The salt lake south of the port of Oran intervened, and a railroad ran from that city between the lake and the coast, as far south as Tlemcen.

It was broad daylight when the island was sighted, covered with date palms and tropical verdure, its coast line indented with lagoons and bays.

Harry Brady was watching the island through a glass, when Captain Lockwood joined him on the upper deck, and asked in curious tones:

"What are you watching so intently, Mr. Brady?"

"An island just off the coast, sir," replied the boy, glancing around.

"See anything interesting?"

"Yes. It just occurred to me that it would make a magnificent place of concealment for the Red Raven," replied the boy.

"It's very strange where she could have disappeared to so suddenly," said the captain in thoughtful tones. "Long ere this we should have overtaken her, judging by the speed we have been making. I'm under the impression that Old King Brady must be right in his surmise that Sam Hawley may have taken refuge in some place of concealment along this coast line with the stolen ship."

"It might pay to make a circuit of that island."

"That's exactly what I intend to do. We can run in between the island and the mainland first and examine those little indentations along the shore."

He gave the steersman an order.

The steamer's course was instantly changed.

In a short time she ran in toward the land and a man was stationed to heave the lead, although the charts said there was plenty depth of water in that locality for steamers of any draught.

The captain was a discreet man.

He knew how sandbars shifted and changed the sea bottom in a night.

The sight of the coastwise railway cars now attracted Harry's attention. He pointed out a train passing over what looked like a sandy desert and said:

"That's odd. See how close to the sea it runs."

"An Algerine railway," replied the captain. "The natives here are a bad lot. Most of the hordes swarming along the coast are unprincipled pirates."

"It wouldn't do to fall in with them then?"

"Hardly. They wouldn't hesitate to kill a man for a little silver coin."

Under reduced steam the White Lady now went along slowly.

A sailor approached, saluted Lockwood, and asked

"Shall I lower a boat and fix the loose bolts in the port-

hole on the starboard side, which was shaken loose coming over, sir?"

"By all means, Andy."

"Very good, sir; she's goin' slow now and I can do it with ease."

He saluted, walked away, got some tools, a helper and let down a boat. Soon afterward the two men were tightening up the loose nuts on the hinges. Before they had quite finished their work the second officer needed them and called them up on deck.

Their boat was left towing alongside, the painter secured to a ring bolt and a pair of oars lying in the bottom.

Harry turned toward the island to the windward.

"Quite large," he commented.

"And those tree-sheltered lagoons would make a fine hiding place for the Red Raven," said the captain with a dry laugh. When we sail around it we must pay strict attention to those parts which are most heavily wooded, near the shore."

"Pressed as hard and close as Sam Hawley has been, he must certainly have taken refuge in a hidden cove somewhere along the coast," said Harry. "It isn't at all likely he could have his ship on the open sea or we would surely have seen it by this time. Old King Brady's theory must be the correct one."

At this moment there came a startling interruption.

One of the men came rushing up from below yelling:

"Fire! Fire! The ship's afire!"

Every one saw some tiny wreaths and columns of smoke coming up through the crevices in the after hatchway.

It momentarily kept increasing in volume.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the captain with a troubled look. "There can be no doubt about it. The White Lady is afire!"

"It's down in the hold, too!"

"I'll give the fire alarm."

Away he rushed and meeting the sailor, he asked hurriedly:

"What's afire?"

"The cargo."

"In what part?"

"Aft, in the lower hold."

On went the captain and a minute later the whistle was blowing and the alarm bell ringing to summon the crew to quarters. Up they all came rushing and tumbling, officers took charge of the divisions, hose was attached to the engine, and in a remarkably brief space of time they were ready.

While every one was working furiously aft, to subdue the flames, the forward hatch cover was lifted from below.

It was divided into two sections.

Half of it moved aside and Briggs and O'Brien emerged.

Glancing around and seeing every one busy fighting the fire, the captain exclaimed with a chuckle:

"It was a hard job to cut the bolts from our prison door with our pocket knives, but it has given us our liberty, Paddy. And it was a wise move on your part to set fire to the cargo, as we can get away during the excitement. But how are we to reach shore?"

The engineer ran to the side, and peering over, he saw the boat in which the two men had been working at the port hole bolts.

Pointing down at it he cried delightedly:

"See! A boat! Begorry, it seems as if ther divil takes care of his own."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Briggs. "Can you reach it?"

"Yis—be shloidin' down this rope."

"Then go before they detect us."

As they ran to where the rope was dangling Harry Brady saw them.

The boy was amazed.

He thought they were still in their prison, and fearing the fire might destroy them, had been devising a means of rescuing them.

"The prisoners—escaping!" he shouted.

Hearing his cry, they saw him.

It only served to hasten their movements.

"We're discovered, Paddy."

"Folly me—quick!"

"Here he comes after us."

"Sure, he won't nab us this toime!"

And down the rope they slid, one after the other, and dropped into the boat.

Out came Briggs' knife, and with one slash he cut the painter and cried:

"Row! Row with all your might, Paddy!"

The engineer grasped the oars and shoving the boat's bow away from the side of the steamer he pulled with all his strength.

Away rushed the boat just as Harry reached the rail above the villains and peering over saw their actions.

"Stop!" shouted the boy. "Come back, you rascals or—"

He was just going to say he would fire at them, but found he had no weapon with him.

An angry, impatient cry escaped the boy.

"I'll chase them!" he muttered.

Rushing across the deck and meeting Old King Brady and Captain Lockwood, he told them about the escape of the prisoners, and said:

"I'll bet it was they who set fire to the ship so they could get away during the excitement. I want to pursue them, captain."

"And I'll go along," added Old King Brady eagerly.

"I'll have a boat lowered and have it manned," said Lockwood in hurried tones. "The fire doesn't amount to anything. We've got it under control already. I don't see how the rascals escaped again."

He called some of his men and gave his orders.

Down went a boat and in went four sailors.

Having armed themselves, the Bradys followed, and the old detective took up a position in the stern sheets, grasped the tiller and said:

"Give way with a will, boys. They are pretty near to shore now and we may have to chase them on land. Every moment is precious."

Into the water dipped the oars and the boat shot away in hot pursuit of the fugitives, the sailors rowing strongly and

effectively. But the fugitives reached land far in advance of them.

Debarking, they ran away.

When the Bradys reached the shore they sprang aground and rushed after the villains, who had gone toward the railroad.

Unfortunately for the Bradys, a train came along going in the direction of Tlemcen, and Briggs managed to stop it.

The rascals got aboard.

When the detectives rushed toward it, and made an effort to stop the cars they saw Briggs expostulating with the engineer.

The result was that the cars did not stop.

Away they rolled and the Bradys, chagrined over their defeat, were left standing on the sandy plain watching their enemies escaping.

"It's of no use, Harry. They've baffled us."

"That's evident. Come on back to the ship."

And they strode back to the shore.

CHAPTER XV.

RUN ON A BAR.

When the detectives got back aboard the *White Lady* they found that the fire had been put out without doing much damage.

Every one was anxiously waiting to learn what became of Captain Briggs and his accomplice, as the news of their escape had spread to every one on the ship.

Failing to see the pair in the boat, they suspected what had happened.

In fact, when they stepped upon the deck Lockwood said:

"I suppose you lost them?"

"Yes," reluctantly admitted Old King Brady. "They got away from us."

"How did they manage it?"

The detective described what had happened.

Although every one deeply regretted the good luck of the two villains, they could hardly blame the Bradys, as the fugitives owed their escape to the big lead they had gained.

"It's doubtful if we will ever see them again," sighed Mr. Gray. "I'm sorry, as I'd like to have them punished for their rascality. But, after all, we are safer not having them aboard. There's no telling what other villainy they might attempt if they remained with us."

"Going around the island now?" asked Harry.

"Yes, and we will take our time about it, too, so as to examine every bit of the coast in quest of the Red Raven, as she may be hidden in one of the coves there," said Lockwood, as he walked away.

The *White Lady* was proceeding very slowly.

She turned away from the Algerine coast and was steered toward Rachgoun island.

The men were kept heaving the lead, but the water was so clear and transparent here that they could easily see the sandy bottom.

As the Bradys stood watching the island, Harry suddenly exclaimed:

"That place is inhabited."

"Do you see any one?" queried his partner.

"Yes; look among those trees."

Harry pointed at the place he meant.

Several dark-skinned Algerines in turbans and picturesque costumes were peering out of the bushes at the passing ship and excitedly talking.

After that the Bradys noticed that some of them were running along the shore keeping pace with the steamer, excitedly talking and occasionally pointing out at her.

"They probably expect we are going to land," said Old King Brady finally.

"Regular thieves, according to the captain," replied Harry.

Several hours passed by.

Toward noon a dark object was observed ahead, darting out of a lagoon, and hurrying away along the shore at a terrific pace.

It proved to be the Red Raven.

A cheer escaped the sailors when her identity was established.

She was only a mile ahead and evidently had been lurking in the lagoon.

"Thought they'd hide from us there," Old King Brady commented, "but they have evidently seen us coming along looking for them, and taken fright at the last moment."

"In a free run, we are bound to overhaul them," said Harry.

"This looks like their last struggle."

"I hope it is."

Shortly afterward the steamer passed the mouth of the lagoon from which the Red Raven had emerged and Harry glanced in at it.

On each side of the entrance rose two huge rocks.

Beyond a fine sheet of water winding inland and forming a marsh at the end were seen the shores about it covered with a dense jungle.

Birds without number filled the air.

"I'd know that place if I ever saw it again," said Harry.

"The rocks at the entrance make a good landmark," Old King Brady replied.

They now turned their attention upon the Red Raven.

She was going at full speed.

But Lockwood's craft was going faster and rapidly gaining.

A sharp race began, and the *White Lady* swiftly crept up on the fugitive, upon seeing which Hawley ran for the main land.

"What is he up to now, I wonder," muttered Old King Brady dubiously.

"Heaving for the shore, as fast as he can go," replied Harry.

"But he would not be fool enough to run her aground, I hope?"

"I don't believe he intends to. Still, there's no knowing what a desperate man might do. He knows he's cornered, with no chance to escape, and would naturally run long chances to get away, even if he has to abandon his ship."

"They are under a full pressure of steam, but are losing rapidly, Harry."

"Ha! See there! What has happened to them now?"

They gazed curiously at the fugitive steamer.

She had come to an abrupt pause.

And no wonder.

Hawley had run her upon a sunken sand-bar!

The tide was low, and she listed over on one side perfectly helpless.

"She has run her race to a finish, and lost!" said Harry.

"The crew are abandoning her!"

Down went all the Red Raven's boats, in went the crew, and as the White Lady came tearing along toward her, Hawley's crew rowed for the island.

Not a man remained aboard of her.

Captain Lockwood yelled at his helmsman to try to head them off, but Hawley's crew rowed like mad and quickly reached the land.

Springing ashore when they beached their boats they ran away and soon vanished amid the shrubbery.

Seeing how useless it was to follow them on land, Lockwood sent some men ashore to seize the beached boats, and when they returned the White Lady was steered out to the Red Raven, and anchored near her sister ship.

The recovered boats were filled with the castaway crew and were sent aboard the Red Raven under command of the first officer.

The Bradys went with them.

They went down in the hold to see if the treasure was intact.

From stern to bow they went, but to their astonishment, they failed to find any cotton at all. The two hundred bales had dropped out of sight completely.

Assured of this, they paused and gazed blankly at each other.

"Gone!" ejaculated Old King Brady.

"It certainly isn't aboard this ship," answered Harry.

"They've removed it, my boy."

"Tossed it overboard?"

"No. I don't believe that."

"Then they may have landed it on this island."

"No doubt. Since leaving New York it was utterly impossible for them to land anywhere without us knowing it. The only place where they have actually landed that we are aware of has been at this island."

"Your theory is that the gold is here, then?"

"Just so. Can't be anywhere else."

"For instance, in the lagoon where she was hiding?"

"I firmly believe so."

"We must examine that place."

"If we can."

"Why can't we?"

"Simply because Hawley and his men will go directly to the place where the gold is hidden, if it's here, and will repel the advance of any one else on the place."

"In that case we'll have to fight them to get it."

"So I expect. They won't give it up without a struggle."

"Well, I'd like to meet them. I'd hate to go away from

here without having Hawley and all his accomplices under arrest."

They went up on deck and returned to the White Lady.

The horror and astonishment of every one aboard of her were intense when the detectives explained that the cotton bales were missing.

"There's an ugly aspect to the case which you may not have thought of," said Mr. Gray, who felt very blue. "While at sea they may have broken open the cotton bales, taken out the gold, divided it, and tossed the cotton overboard."

Here was a disagreeable idea.

And there was a strong probability of its being true.

The Bradys then advanced their ideas and eager to believe anything encouraging, Mr. Gray determined to test the detectives' theory.

"We'll go back to the lagoon," said the ship owner feverishly, "but first we must wait for the tide to rise and lift the Red Raven off that bar. She may need our assistance to get her free."

It took three hours for the tide to get up.

They then had to pass the Red Raven a tow-line.

She was pulled off the bar.

A hasty examination failed to show that she was injured, and when the White Lady started off she had her consort with her.

While running back Harry caught view of a native fishermen's boat coming out from the mainland. It headed for the Red Raven.

To his surprise, he finally, with the aid of a glass, distinguished Briggs and O'Brien in the boat with several Algerines.

The two rascals had gone back to the coast and seen the Red Raven.

Thinking Sam Hawley and his crew were aboard and eager to get their share of the treasure, they hired the Algerines to take them out to her.

As the officer in command of the Red Raven suspected how they had deceived themselves he humored their belief and lured them aboard the steamer.

The moment the pair reached the deck some of the sailors pounced on them and the astonished and furious pair were made prisoners.

The Algerines sailed away and the two villains were sent over to the White Lady and were met at the gangway by the Bradys.

"Glad to meet you again, gentlemen," chuckled Old King Brady. "I thought we had not parted company with you forever."

The two villains could only glare the wrath they both felt.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIGHTING THE PIRATES.

As the Bradys had seen how unwittingly Briggs and O'Brien had thrown themselves back into the power of their enemies, no explanations were necessary.

But when the two prisoners, bound hand and foot to keep them out of mischief, were locked up in another room, every-

body enjoyed a hearty laugh at their expense, and Mr. Gray exclaimed:

"It looks as if luck were turning in our favor."

"We certainly are beginning to win, now," replied Old King Brady. "We have the Red Raven back, Sam Hawley and his gang are driven ashore and Briggs and O'Brien are prisoners. It only remains for us to find out where those villains have hidden that gold, to recover it. And then if I can get Hawley and his men into my hands there will be a sudden end to this cruise."

"You and your partner will recognize the lagoon, you say?"

"We took special notice of the place," answered the old detective.

"Kindly keep a lookout then, Mr. Brady, so we won't pass it."

"I shall. Don't alarm yourself, Mr. Gray."

As the steamer retraced her course, Harry and his partner stationed themselves in the bow and carefully scanned the shore.

In the course of an hour Harry sung out:

"There's the place."

Captain Lockwood had it pointed out, and while soundings were being taken, the steamer ran into the lagoon.

Close astern came the Red Raven.

"If Hawley could bring that steamer in here we can go in as we are of much lighter draught," said Old King Brady.

"We'd better anchor in the middle," Captain Lockwood answered.

"Then here's the place."

Down plunged the anchor a few minutes afterward and the Red Raven followed suit a cable's length away.

As both ships swung around the crews anxiously surveyed the shores surrounding the lagoon.

Getting leave to use a boat, the Bradys left the White Lady, and rowing over to the shore, they followed it toward the swamp.

Harry had seen something floating at the mouth of a stream which aroused his curiosity and they headed straight toward it.

As they drew closer to the mass, Old King Brady exclaimed:

"It's baled cotton, Harry."

"Just what I thought," replied the boy, resting on his oars.

"Look! Every one of the bales has been torn open, the contents taken out and the bales hurled overboard. The rising tide floated them over here and they've lodged at the mouth of this stream."

"What direction did they come from?"

"The tide is setting this way from the place where the steamers lie."

"In that case they were opened on the ship and when they dropped into the water, the tide carried them here before they got water soaked."

"What sort of parcels were the packages of gold?"

"Small wooden boxes with iron straps, two cubic feet in bulk."

"Handy to carry ashore in boats."

"What part of the shore would they seek?"

"Doubtless the most attractive beach."

"That's across the lagoon where those rocks and trees are."

"I'll row over there."

He sent the boat flying across the water.

In a few moments they arrived on the other side, and beaching their boat, they went ashore and began to search about.

Pretty soon Harry called to his partner:

"Come here."

"Did you find a clew?"

"Yes, and a good one."

"What is it?"

"See for yourself."

Young King Brady pointed at a section of the beach and the old detective observed numerous foot prints in the sand.

Moreover, scattered all over the beach here were tiny particles of the fluffy cotton which the wind had not yet blown away.

"A good trail," commented Old King Brady.

"This cotton must have been the particles adhering to the boxes of gold," commented Harry. "When they landed them they had to handle the packages a great deal and knocked off this cotton."

"Follow the foot prints and see where they lead us to."

This was an easy matter.

All the marks were very distinct.

Bending close to the ground the Bradys trailed them and the particles of cotton through the trees by a circuitous route.

It led them back toward the sea beach.

Here they emerged among a mass of rocks.

Scarcely had they done so, however, when there sounded the sharp crack of a rifle and a ball whistled past their heads.

They halted and glanced around.

"Who fired that, Harry?"

"Jump behind this rock—quick!"

Just as they did as he suggested a volley of pistols and rifle shots rang out, and a perfect hail of bullets whizzed past them.

"We've run into Sam Hawley's bunch of pirates," said Harry.

"Did you see them?"

"Yes. They've got a cave among the rocks. I see the entrance."

"We'll get the worst of it if we remain here unaided."

"Then skip. We can get reinforcements."

They stole away like two shadows, and heard no more shots. When they could safely break from cover they ran away and finally reached the lagoon.

Captain Lockwood had just come ashore with some of his men and the Bradys told him what they had discovered.

"Send back to both ships for at least twenty-five men from each craft," said Old King Brady. "See that they are well armed. Then we'll go back and tackle those pirates."

His order was fulfilled.

Within half an hour the beach swarmed with men.

Every one was armed and the old detective assumed command of the expedition and gave them his instructions most carefully.

They then returned to the place where the Bradys had been attacked, and were met by a volley of shots from among the trees and rocks.

Fortunately the Bradys' men advanced with great caution and kept their bodies shielded as much as possible.

The result was that very few were injured.

At the same time, seeing some of Hawley's men, they returned a volley with telling effect.

Loud yells of agony arose.

The next moment they charged on the villains.

A scattering fire met them.

But the ringing voices of the gallant detectives spurred them on and in a few moments more they were among the rocks and face to face with the men who had once been their shipmates.

A fearful fight ensued.

The scene baffles all description.

Suffice it to say that Old King Brady's men outnumbered the others and their courage, skill and generalship were the best.

At the expiration of half an hour they won the fight.

Many of the detective's men were badly injured in the fray, but their enemies suffered greater casualties.

Thirty prisoners were taken and every man was wounded.

The rest ran away.

Hawley was among the missing.

When the injured men were attended to the detectives began to question their prisoners as to the whereabouts of the stolen treasure.

Every one of them refused to divulge the secret.

They all secretly hoped to get out of the scrape they were in at some time or another and come back to get the gold.

The detectives saw what was on their minds.

Finding it utterly useless to question them any further they finally gave it up and had the prisoners removed to the Red Raven.

"Hawley and ten of his men are yet at large," said Old King Brady to Harry, "and I don't intend to go back until I collar them, or find out where they have hidden that stolen money."

"Better keep a few men with us," replied Harry.

"I've ordered all but ten men to go back."

"Then we can scour this neighborhood till we find them."

When all hands had gone save the men they retained, the detectives made their way to the cavern the gang had been occupying.

It was a water-cave—that is, an opening in the face of the rocks, worn out by the incessant action of the sea.

When the two detectives got into the cavern and glanced around the gloomy place they saw that it was of huge dimensions.

"Do you suppose they've hidden the gold in here?" Harry asked.

"That's hard to say," replied the old detective in some

perplexity, "but we may be able to find out by searching the place."

Acting upon this suggestion they separated, and passing back into the cavern, began to hunt for some trace of the missing boxes.

While they were so employed they did not know that every movement they made was being keenly watched.

CHATER XVII.

HELD IN THE RISING TIDE.

"Hey, Harry!"

"I've found the gold."

"Where is it?"

"Back here."

"Hurrah! Let me see it."

Thrilled by what the old detective said, Young King Brady rushed across the cavern and joined his companion at the rear of the place.

Old King Brady stood before a fissure in the wall.

Neatly stacked in this opening were the boxes of gold.

The moment Harry saw them he exclaimed joyfully:

"Yes, sir, you've got them. That's the two million dollars stolen from the Red Raven, and those villains have chosen a good hiding place for it."

"I'll go out and summon the boys."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!"

"Eh? Did you speak, Harry?"

"No—"

"Ha, ha, ha! You'll do nothing of the kind, I said," repeated the same voice, and they now readily recognized the mocking tones.

It was the voice of Hawley!

But where was he? They did not see him.

Pulling out their revolvers the startled detectives glanced around the gloomy cavern and Old King Brady finally demanded:

"Is that you, Hawley?"

"Yes, it is," came the reply.

"Whereabouts are you?"

"Up here!"

The detectives glanced upward at the wall.

They saw an opening through which the light of day streaked a long, narrow slit in the wall near the roof.

Lying along the ledge were Hawley and his ten men, and every one of them was aiming his rifle at the detectives!

As soon as the old detective observed this he muttered:

"By thunder, Harry, we are caught in a trap."

"Very neatly," replied the boy, in cool, collected tones.

"They'll murder us now."

"Yer wrong agin, ole feller," interposed Hawley. "We ain't a-goin' ter harm yer, if yer does jist wot I tells yer."

"Name your conditions!" growled Old King Brady.

"First, drop them guns."

The detectives replaced the pistols in their pockets.

"What next?" Old King Brady asked gloomily.

"Next, drop on yer knees an' raise yer hands."

"But—"

"Do as I say if yer don't want ter git shot."

Down went the detectives obediently.

"Well?" roared Old King Brady. "Anything else?"

"No. Jist stay there till I come down an' binds yer."

The detectives waited patiently.

"We are no match for ten," whispered the detective.

"Of course not. It would have been sheer madness to resist," Harry answered quietly. "They evidently don't intend to kill us right off anyway."

Hawley soon joined them.

He had a piece of marline and tied their hands behind their backs.

"What do you intend to do with us?" Old King Brady asked him.

"Hold yer as hostages ter pertect ourselves."

"I see."

"If ther rest don't clear out o' here they kin depend we'll kill yer."

"Are you going to notify them to that effect?"

"I am. At once. An' you'll write ther letter so's ter convince 'em."

He called his men down as he spoke, and procuring a pencil and a piece of paper, he released Old King Brady's right arm.

"What do you want me to write?" demanded the officer.

"Jist say we'll kill yer if they don't wacate this islan'!"

Old King Brady wrote such a note as he demanded.

When it was finished the man slowly and laboriously read it.

He seemed to be satisfied with it, for he finally said:

"That'll do all right."

He then drew one of his companions aside, held a long whispered conversation with him, gave him the note and the man departed.

The Bradys had been conducted to a distant corner and a man was placed on guard over them.

Several times during the day they saw the gang leave the cavern, and they noticed that the man who carried the note did not return until nightfall.

When he came in Hawley demanded eagerly:

"What's ther news?"

"They held me a prisoner all day till they made up their minds. Finally they coneluded they'd better agree."

"And they've gone?"

"Yes. Both ships left an hour ago."

Every one of the gang was pleased to hear this, for they now felt that they would be left unmolested.

Assured now that they would not be injured, and having a feeling of intense hatred for the detectives, Hawley said to them:

"We owes all our troubles to you'se fellers. Yer managed ter escape from under ther dock where we put yer ther day we sailed, an' since then yer've caused us nuthin' but bother. Yer a couple o' hoodoos ter us, an' yer know where we've got that gold stowed away. Nobody else knows its location outside of our gang, an' none o' them will squeal. But as long as you two fellers is alive there's a danger of our secret leakin' out. It's my opinion that we'd be much safer if yer

wuz both dead an' out of ther way. An' fer my part I'd like ter put yer both where yer won't do us more harm."

"Want to murder us, eh?" asked Old King Brady.

"I'll go by what ther lads says," replied Hawley.

He took his companions aside and they held a whispered talk for awhile, after which one of them came back and said:

"We want you both outside."

"For what?" queried Harry rising.

"You'll see when you get outside."

There was something so sinister about the way he spoke that the Bradys realized that they contemplated mischief.

"Resistance is useless, Harry."

They followed the man out.

All the rest had gone outside the cavern.

The man led them among some rocks rising from the water near the shore and here the others seized them.

"What's your game, Hawley?" asked the boy.

"Tie 'em to those spars, lads. Keep 'em on their knees."

When this was done, without a word of explanation, the gang suddenly walked away and disappeared among the rocks.

The detectives were not over ten feet apart.

"Well, they've got me guessing."

"Queer snaps," said Harry, "but I can understand their purpose."

"Enlighten me, if you can."

"They want the rising tide to drown us."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Old King Brady.

By glancing at the watermark on the poles to which they were tied, the officers could see that if they were held down in their kneeling position long enough, the rising water would cover their heads.

"Our friends sailed away from here to save our lives," said the old detective bitterly, "but they might have saved us more effectively if they had remained in this neighborhood."

"Can't you work your bonds loose?"

"No. Can you?"

"I've been trying but find it useless."

"The tide is rising."

"Yes. I can feel it creeping up about my body."

Another interval of silence ensued.

Higher and higher rose the water about the detectives.

It soon mounted so high that only their heads remained above it, and the old detective cried:

"Good-bye, Harry. I fear our time has come."

The boy did not reply.

He was listening, and, strange to say, did not share the despondent feeling which had overwhelmed Old King Brady. In fact, he had not yet given up hope of escaping this peril.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

"Do you hear that, Old King Brady?"

"I don't hear anything but the water lapping around my neck."

"Listen!"

"What is it?"

"Oars working in rowlocks."

"Yes. Now I hear it. Quite close, too."

"Yell. Yell for all you are worth!"

"Help! Help!"

As their appealing voices rose a boat darted in among the rocks and a thrill of joy passed through the detectives when they saw it contained Mr. Gray.

He had four sailors with him.

As his startled glance fell upon the heads of the two detectives rising above the water, he exclaimed:

"Pull over to them lads—quick."

"Got a knife?" demanded Harry.

"Yes," answered the ship owner.

"Then jump overboard and cut our bonds. We are tied to these stakes."

Mr. Gray did as he requested.

In a few moments he had them released.

"When the three clambered into the boat Mr. Gray said:

"We got your note and made a pretext of going away. But we could not abandon you to your fate in the hands of those rascals. When we got the ships up the coast I came back to find out what had become of you and was attracted here by the sound of your voices."

"It's lucky you arrived when you did," said Harry. "Had you been a quarter of an hour later we would have been entirely submerged, and that would have put a finish to our careers."

"This fiendish work was done by Hawley, of course?"

"Yes. He's got your gold in his cavern."

"What chance have we got to recover it?"

"Every opportunity if we attack him with twenty men."

"Then we'll come back with a big party and tackle them."

"By all means."

When they reached the White Lady an attacking party was formed and they embarked and the Bradys led them back to the cave.

Here they caught Hawley's gang sleeping.

There was a rush, a short, sharp fight, and as the Bradys flung Hawley down, pounced on him and handcuffed the villain, Harry cried:

"The game is ours, at last."

A cheer pealed from the victors as they secured their prisoners.

"Take the gold and let me go," pleaded Hawley.

"Let you go?" echoed Old King Brady. "Oh, no. You are wanted in New York for the murder of your sailor friend Grubbs—"

"What!" yelled Hawley, wild with horror, for he had all along been deluding himself with the belief that no one knew he was guilty of that crime.

"Yes, we've got plain evidence against you," said the old detective, "and it will be mighty queer if you escape electrocution. I tell you, Hawley, your sins have found you out at last. You have been a bad man, but we have baffled your plans and you'll now get the punishment you so richly deserve."

The villain turned as pale as death.

He knew he had reached the end of his career and it sickened him.

But he made no comment.

His spirit was crushed.

A messenger was then despatched for the steamships and in the course of an hour they came down the coast.

The delight of the crews was intense when they learned that the villains had been captured, and the gold recovered, and when they anchored near the cove the prisoners were taken aboard. When they were locked up with their companions, all the quarter boats were let down and were manned with crews.

The boxes of gold were laden aboard of them and carried out to the Red Raven, where they were safely stowed away.

When all were taken aboard the two steamers were gotten under way and left the Mediterranean.

They ran over to Liverpool, discharged their cargoes, were laden with return freight and finally crossed the Atlantic for America again.

After a safe and uneventful passage they reached New York.

Here the mutineers were taken ashore and locked up.

A charge of murder was made against Sam Hawley.

In due time the villains were put on trial, including Briggs and O'Brien.

On a charge of piracy the whole gang were sentenced to a long term in prison, and were put away.

Hawley was convicted of murder.

His life paid the penalty of the law.

The gratitude of the steamship owners to the Bradys was boundless, for they recognized the fact that it was entirely owing to the great detectives that they recovered the enormous sum entrusted to their care.

They richly rewarded the detectives.

The Bradys had made a full report of the affair to their chief and as they had nothing then to do, he assigned them upon a most important case.

Those of our readers who wish to follow the fortunes of the Bradys will find the account of their thrilling exploits in the next number of this publication.

So, for the present, we shall leave them, as this story is finished.

THE END.

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